

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 4.

THE PREMIERS OF QUEBEC SINCE 1867.

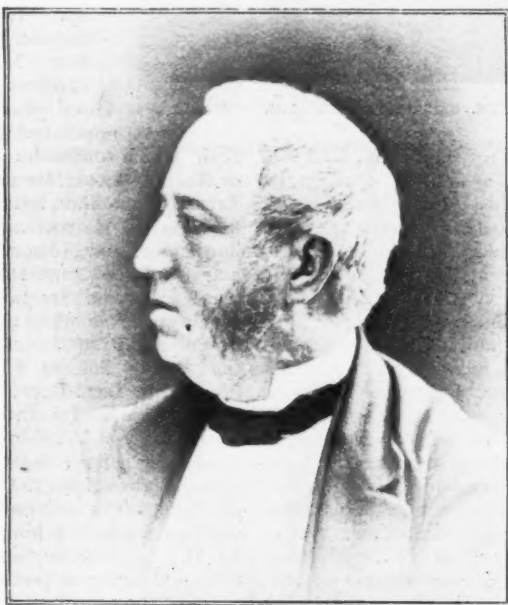
BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

WHEN the Dominion of Canada was created in July, 1867, the Hon. Joseph Cauchon, then at the head of affairs at Quebec, found himself unable to form a government. The task fell upon the shoulders of the Hon. Pierre J. O. Chauveau, who in August succeeded in forming one of the strongest administrations that the province has ever had. Those were the days of dual representation. In Mr. Chauveau were united the arts of statesmanship and letters. He possessed great tact and suavity of manner. He was never

aggressive or daring. Sometimes he was timid. Small matters worried his kindly, sensitive nature, but his colleagues always regarded him as a safe leader, and accordingly, when

he began the making of a new Quebec, no support of value or consequence was denied him. He probably loved literature better than politics, but he was a man who never shrank from per-

forming a public duty. In his youth he was destined for the Church, but the law tempted him, and the bar claimed him. While not altogether a forcible writer in the newspapers, he was an exceedingly graceful poet, and his articles in the press and reviews were admirable and scholarly. Once he published a novel — "Charles Guérin" —



THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUEAU, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

which gives a good picture of French-Canadian life and character; but romance not being his forte, he added nothing further to the fiction of his native province. His tastes lay



HON. GEDEON OUIMET, LL.D.

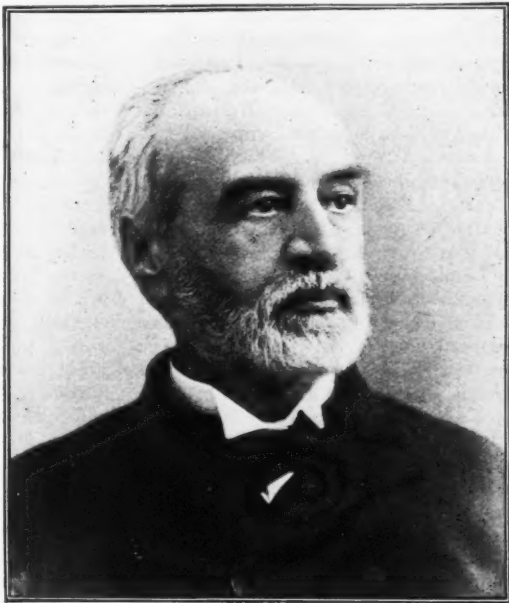
in the direction of education, and the present school system of Quebec is largely due to his guiding hand. He represented Quebec County at the time of Confederation in both the House of Commons and the Assembly of Quebec. Born at the Ancient Capital in 1820, he became Premier and Provincial Secretary of Quebec at the age of 47. He was only 24 when he defeated the Hon. John Neilson by a majority of over 1,000 votes. He was a supporter of Lafontaine, but left him in pique, and joined the forces of Papi-neau. He identified himself with the claims of his compatriots, espoused the cause of the Bermuda exiles, spoke warmly in favour of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and obtained a committee of the House to enquire into the causes of emigration of French-Canadians to the United States. He became Solicitor-General and Provincial Secretary in the Hincks-Morin Ministry, and in 1855 he retired from politics to succeed the late Dr. Meilleur as Chief Superintendent of Public Instruction. He edited

in 1856 *Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique*. He made a study of the systems of education of Europe, Great Britain and the United States, and visited those countries to see the plans in operation. Some of these he subsequently adopted for his department. When the Union took place he re-entered public life and became the first Prime Minister of Quebec, as we have seen. A difference with his colleagues arose in 1873. He resigned from the Cabinet, was defeated at the polls, but a short time afterwards was called to the Senate as Speaker of that body. When the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie came to power Mr. Chauveau retired from the Upper House. Three years later he was appointed sheriff of Montreal, which office he held until his death in 1890. His contributions to French-Canadian letters have been numerous. He was an orator in both languages, and his services at the inauguration of corner-stones and monuments were in frequent requisition. These speeches were characterized by grace, dignity and eloquence. When the Royal Society of Canada was founded by Lord Lorne, Mr. Chauveau became one of its first Fellows, and succeeded Sir William Dawson as its second president, the first French-Canadian to occupy that distinguished position. The universities of McGill and Laval granted him the degree of LL.D., while many important scientific and literary corporations in various parts of the world recognized his abilities by admitting him to honorary membership. On two occasions he arose to his country's call for aid, forming a company of *Chasseurs Canadiens* at the time of the Trent affair, and commanding as Lieut.-Colonel a battalion of Home Guards during the first

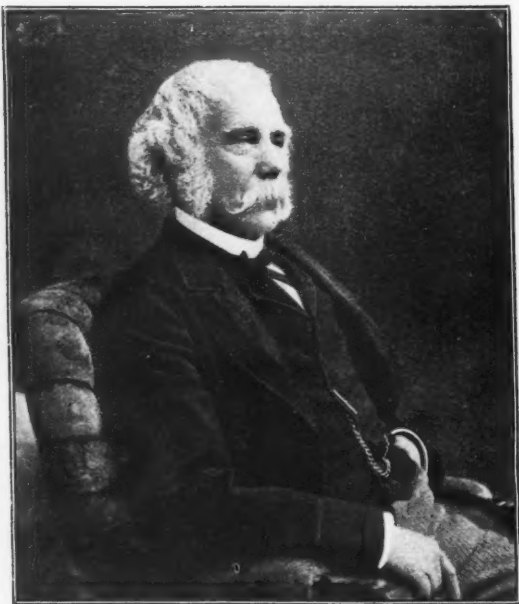
Fenian invasion. In 1840 he married Miss Marie Louise Masse.

The second Premier of Quebec was also a lawyer, and a sound educationist. The Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Attorney-General in M. Chauveau's Government, was selected to reorganize the Cabinet, which he did on pretty much the same lines as those of the previous one. The new leader was born in St. Rose, Laval County, on the 3rd of June, 1823, and received his education at the Colleges of St. Hyacinthe and Montreal. In 1844 he was called to the Bar, and it was not long before he had considerable practice in his profession. At Confederation he received the Silk, and occupied for a period the post of Batonnier for the Province. In the old Parliament of Canada he sat in the House of Assembly for Beauharnois from 1857 to 1861, and from 1867 to 1876 he represented Two Mountains in the Quebec Legislature. On taking the office of Premier he assumed the portfolios of Public Instruction and Provincial Secretary, the Attorney-Generalship going into the able hands of the Hon. George Irvine, Q.C., now Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Quebec. It was soon discovered, however, that Mr. Ouimet could not fill two such heavy positions without serious injury to his health. On the 1st of February, 1876, he resolved to retire from public life for a time, and the Superintendency of Education was offered to him. This he accepted, and began the work of reconstruction of his department with his usual energy and zeal. A man of moderate views, high principle, and a disposition which tolerates nothing unfair or unreasonable, he performed his duties for many years with great acceptance,

pleasing alike the Protestant and Roman Catholic populations of Quebec—no light task, as all thinking men may well believe, for in that province religious feeling often runs high. He was not a voluminous writer, but among his contributions to the literature of Canada, his "Law on District Magistrates" may be mentioned with approval. He always spoke well in the House, and there was a charm and a beauty about his little speeches at public gatherings, and the like, which stamped at once his standing as a speaker. In 1886 he went to England as Commissioner to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and at the Chicago World's Fair, under his auspices, Quebec was well represented in the Education Exhibit. He is a D.C.L. of Laval University, and the University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, and Officier d'Instruction Publique of France—the latter a decoration of which literary Frenchmen are deservedly proud, for it is seldom lightly bestowed. A few months ago



HON. CHAS. EUGENE DE BOUCHERVILLE, M.D.



HON. SIR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

Mr. Ouimet retired from his place in the Education Department and became a member of the Legislative Council, where his zeal for the improvement of Quebec's Educational System will have ample scope.

It was a strong hand which came to the front in 1874, and during his career Quebec made history very rapidly. A grave Constitutional question was precipitated, and the powers of Lieutenant-Governors formed the subject of thousands upon thousands of articles and pamphlets, which were scattered broadcast all over the country. The new Premier was the Hon. Charles Eugène de Boucherville, the descendant of an old historic family which traced its origin as far back as 1653. His profession was that of medicine. His social position was that of an aristocrat. A stern, unbending man he was to all except his intimates, and of the latter he could count upon but few. Honest to a degree he was also. An extremist in religious opinions, he was also an ex-

treme partisan. He had been in the old Legislature the member for Chambly from 1861 until Confederation. When union came he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, which position he still holds, as well as a seat in the Senate of Canada, which was granted to him in 1879. From July, 1867, to February, 1873, he was Speaker of the Upper House of Quebec, and when the Ouimet Government resigned in 1874, he added to the post of Premier the offices of Provincial Secretary and Registrar, and Minister of Public Instruction. In January, 1876, he was transferred to the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. In

December of this year, Lieutenant-Governor Caron, father of Sir A. P. Caron, and of Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, the accomplished wife of the present Solicitor-General of Canada, died, and in his room the Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just was sent to Spencerwood by Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Letellier was an ardent Liberal, and a man of sterling honesty of purpose. Of his strong partisanship there can be no doubt, and he recognized at once in Mr. de Boucherville, and his Attorney-General, Mr. Angers, two very determined political foes, at whose back great majorities stood in both the houses of legislation. It was not long before His Honour and his advisers were at cross purposes. The ministers took the ground that the nominal chief of the executive was a mere figurehead. His name was introduced into measures that he had never seen, and when he asked for information he was referred to the newspapers. Things could not go on in this way forever, and the governor, acting upon his un-

doubted rights, dismissed his Government. This he did on three separate grounds: firstly, because he doubted whether his advisers possessed the confidence of the electors; secondly, because his ministers had introduced measures without laying them before him, and obtaining his sanction; and, thirdly, because his ministers, knowing of his determined hostility to the Railway and Stamp measures, had passed them through, nominally with his consent, although he had never sanctioned them, instead of either abandoning them or resigning their offices.

Mr. de Boucherville refused to nominate his successor, and His Honour then sent for Mr. H. G. Joly, now Sir H. G. Joly de Lotbinière, and Commissioner of Inland Revenue for Canada, who was instructed to form a Government and assume full responsibility for Mr. Letellier's act. It may be said here, that a large part of the English population was dissatisfied with the de Boucherville administration on several points, and this important element, wealthy and enterprising, had to be reckoned with. Mr. Joly had no difficulty in getting followers, and on the 8th of March, 1878, his Government was ready for business, Agriculture and Public Works becoming his department. The Opposition promptly stopped the supplies, dissolution ensued, and the country was appealed to, resulting in the defeat of the *Bleus*. Three of the ex-Ministers were beaten at the polls; several important Conservative constituencies were lost. The House assembled shortly after the election, and Mr. Arthur Turcotte was elected Speaker by a majority of one, the vote standing 33 to 32. In the de-

bate on the address, the Opposition succeeded in carrying a vote of condemnation against the Ministry, owing to the absence of a supporter of the Government. This was the only case, however, in which the Opposition gained a point, all other motions implying want of confidence being negatived by the casting vote of the Speaker. Affairs dragged along, the new Premier doing his utmost to give the province a pure and honest administration, and practising economy, and checking reckless waste in all directions. In October, 1879, Mr. Joly—a statesman of the Bayard mould—found himself the captain of a partially attainted crew. There were six desertions from the ship, and he fell an easy victim to the wiles of his enemies. A little later the fortune of politics restored Sir John Macdonald to power at Ottawa, and Mr. Letellier's head fell into the basket. That was the price he paid for trying to govern the province by constitutional laws. His "usefulness is gone" was the edict issued



THE HON. SIR J. ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K.C.M.G., LL.D.



HON. J. A. MOUSSEAU, Q.C.

against him, and a new king was enthroned in his stead. Mr. Joly, during his short tenure of office, proved his capacity as a departmental and executive officer. He was conciliatory, obliging, courteous and manly. For the cause of Forestry he has done more than one man's work. Queen's University and Bishops of Lennoxville made him a Doctor of Laws. After long retirement from public life, the County of Portneuf elected him last June, a member of the House of Commons, and Mr. Laurier invited him to take a seat in his Cabinet. For his many services to Canada—for he was in public life as early as 1861—he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Queen, on the recommendation of his unvarying friend, the Earl of Aberdeen.

Mr. Joly's successor was, of course, Mr. Chapleau, at present Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and ex-Secretary of State for Canada. He is one of the Dominion's most bril-

liant orators, sharing with Mr. Laurier the praises of enraptured audiences. He was born at Ste. Therese de Blainville, Terrebonne, on the 9th of November, 1840, studied law, and was enrolled a barrister in 1861. His Q.C. came to him twelve years later. He has filled many positions of trust. Criminal law and international law, were, respectively, his chairs in Laval University. A born leader, and popular, he never had any difficulty in attracting influential friends to his side. In 1873 he was Solicitor-General; three years afterwards he was Provincial Secretary. In 1878 he was chief of the Opposition, and in 1879 he became Premier and Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works,

and a year after he took the portfolio of Railways, then a very important department of the public service. Mr. Chapleau's statesmanship was characterized by daring, enterprise and broad-mindedness. His career in the comparatively small arena of Quebec attracted the attention of Sir John Macdonald, always on the alert for lieutenants of ability, and, in answer to repeated requests from that veteran chieftain, Mr. Chapleau in 1882 entered the Dominion Government as Secretary of State. He remained in the Cabinet until appointed to his present post, the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec. In November, 1874, he espoused the hand of Miss Marie Louise King, daughter of Col. King of Sherbrooke. On the hustings, as well as in debate in Parliament, Mr. Chapleau has few equals as a speaker. His style is clear, argumentative and convincing, his manner is striking, and his gestures, though few, are electrifying. As an organizer in a great election campaign his superior has yet to be found. Neglectful of no resource,

untiring in his every effort, he has carried to success many candidates who, left to themselves, would scarcely have saved their deposit money. In repartee he is as quick as a flash. Interruption adds so much to the brilliancy of his speech, that his enemies have been wont to say that the interrupters were set up by himself to ask questions that he might discomfit them, to the amusement of the crowd and their own chagrin. This, however, may be only a scandal. A strong party man in provincial and Dominion politics, Sir Adolph Chapleau has acted as Chief Magistrate of Quebec in a most impartial and constitutional manner, earning in that capacity golden opinions from Government and Opposition members.

In July, 1882, Quebec looked to Ottawa for a Premier, and found him in the person of the Hon. J. A. Mousseau, Secretary of State at the Dominion capital. He had taken a very active part in the debate in the House of Commons, which led to the dismissal of Mr. Letellier from office. He had made a powerful speech in support of his views, and his friends thought that in Quebec he would find ampler scope for the display of his abilities. Nor were they disappointed. He had a good knowledge of men and events, and his long newspaper training had furnished him with a ready and trenchant pen. Though his experience as a parliamentarian had been short, his skill in grasping details soon made him familiar with the work of the House, and it was not long before he took a commanding position among his colleagues. Good-natured in disposition, he easily made friends; of real enemies he never had one in the world. He made a very good Premier, though his

reign was brief and little of importance in the way of legislation occurred. It was during his term of office that the committee was appointed to look into the Civil Service question, and in the recommendation of that Commission many employes were sent adrift. It was shown that the State was paying far too many persons for the amount of work which efficient service demanded. The Government's action was criticised, and many of the dismissed officials were reinstated. The effect of the enquiry, however, on the whole, was not bad. In January, 1884, Mr. Mousseau, who was Attorney-General as well as Premier, resigned, and was appointed a judge. He died a few years afterwards, much regretted. He was succeeded by the Hon. John Jones Ross, M.D., who took the portfolio of Agriculture and Public Works.

Dr. Ross was an old parliamentary hand, having been in politics since 1861. Before the Union he was an Assembly-man. After the Union he was a member of the House of Com-



HON. JOHN JONES ROSS, M.D.



HON. L. O. TAILLON, P.C.

mons, the Legislative Council and the Senate. When called upon to form a Government by Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, he was a member of the Provincial Upper House. His Administration included some of the best men in the country, several of whom had been members of former administrations. Though physically weak, through serious illness of many years' duration, the new Prime Minister brought to bear on his office lengthened experience in public affairs, extensive knowledge of the needs of the province, force of will, intellectual robustness, and the quality of caution, derived, no doubt, from his Scottish ancestry. He was masterful, and with his methods it would be dangerous to interfere, but his colleagues who knew him well, trusted him fully, and, recognizing his extraordinary mental strength, accepted his leadership implicitly. He carried on affairs successfully until the general elections of 1886 changed the political colour of parties in Quebec. He resigned with his colleagues. In Jan-

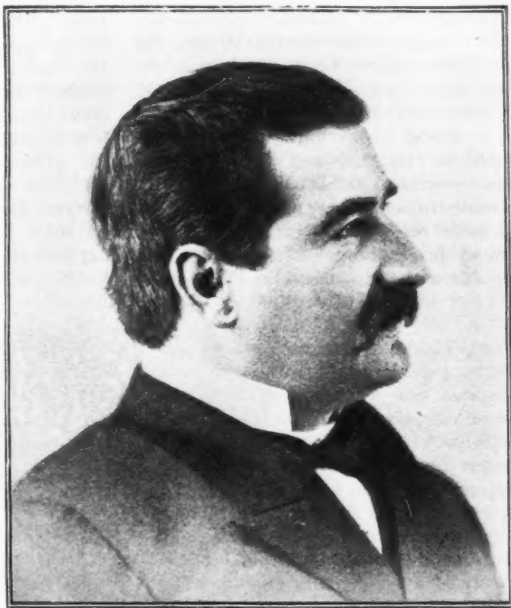
uary, 1887, the Hon. L. O. Taillon formed a Government and met the House. The ministry lasted little more than one day, the Opposition, led by Mr. Honoré Mercier, defeating it on the first vote. Mr. Mercier, then sitting for St. Hyacinthe County, was sent for, and invited to form a Cabinet. This he managed to do in a couple of days. He became Attorney-General and President of Council. It was in Mr. Mercier's time that the gravest crisis in provincial politics, that had occurred since Confederation took place. For a second time, in its short history, Quebec was called upon to witness the dismissal of a ministry having the confidence of the electors at its back. And by the irony of fate, the

Lieutenant-Governor, who performed the happy despatch on this occasion, was the same gentleman who in 1878 was Attorney-General of the Province and suffered a like indignity at the hands of Mr. Letellier, for years the political friend and chief of Mr. Mercier and his followers. The Mercier Administration was strong in ability and boldness. The leader was one of the most brilliant politicians, which his native province had ever turned out. He was a captivating speaker, and though he could not boast of the eloquence of Laurier or of Chapeau, he was equally effective in debate, and in presenting his arguments in a clear and convincing style.

He had a magnetic influence over men which was irresistible, and this power enabled him, at any time, to secure for whatever purpose he had in hand the very man upon whom he could depend with certainty. While his word was law in the Council-room, he was never domineering nor arrogant. He always trusted in his own powers

of persuasion, and after a few words of earnest pleading the recalcitrant invariably yielded the point, and gracefully, sometimes gladly, accepted the situation. The story of the downfall of the Mercier *régime* is, perhaps, too fresh in the minds of the readers of these pages to need enlargement here. The immediate causes of the crisis grew out of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway scandal, which was discovered by accident during the sitting of the Railway Committee of the Senate at Ottawa. It was found that one hundred thousand dollars of public money belonging to the Province of Quebec had been misapplied. An investigation was held, and certain members of the Quebec Government were summoned to the Federal capital and requested to testify. This they declined to do, on the ground that the Senate had no right to enquire into Provincial affairs. No effort was made to force them, but other witnesses gave evidence, and enough was found to place in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor a weapon which he did not shrink from using. He demanded from his advisers an explanation of their conduct, and suggested the immediate appointment of a Royal Commission, to be composed of three Superior Court judges, whom he named, to investigate the whole affair. To this Mr. Mercier demurred. He complained of the personnel of the proposed commission, two of the judges having, for years, been violently opposed to him in politics. He preferred to have a commission of one judge, and named the Chief Justice of Quebec, who had long retired from political life, and, though a Conservative, was not regarded as a partisan. The Premier's preference was, of course, for a Parliamentary enquiry, the

committee to be formed of members of both sides of the House. The Lieutenant-Governor was not satisfied, and insisted on having his own way. The Royal Commission was appointed, and performed its duty. Mr. Mercier, in his evidence, admitted the misapplication of the funds, but disclaimed all personal knowledge of the transaction, and threw the blame entirely on the shoulders of his quondam agent. The absence of certain letters by the ministers implicated rendered the investigation incomplete, but enough was elicited to absolve four members of the Cabinet, including the treasurer, from fault, while against the Attorney-General and the Provincial Secretary more suspicious circumstances were found. Two of the members of the commission furnished His Honour with an interim report, on the strength of which he dismissed his Government, and for a second time called upon Mr. de Boucherville to form a Cabinet. The general elections of March, 1892, resulted in the



HONORE MERCIER.



HON. E. J. FLYNN, Q.C., LL.D.

utter rout of the Liberal-Nationalists.

Mr. de Boucherville, however, did not hold office long, and was in turn succeeded by the Hon. L. O. Taillon, who remained at the head of a strong Government until 1896, when he resigned and became Postmaster-General in Sir Charles Tupper's Administration. He was defeated at the polls on the 23rd of June, and is now in private life. Mr. Taillon was popular with all classes, in Parliament

and out of it. He filled with acceptance the offices of Speaker, Attorney-General and Treasurer. Without claiming any pretensions to oratory, he was a forcible speaker and a good debater. In his reign the taxes were increased to meet the heavy debt of the Province, which, in the previous administration had been greatly augmented. The retirement of Mr. Taillon gave to Sir Adolphe Chapleau, the Lieutenant-Governor, the opportunity of offering the command to the Hon. E. J. Flynn, who, as far back as 1879, had been Commissioner of Crown Lands in his own Government.

Mr. Flynn lost very little time in forming his ministry and meeting the House.

He made a few changes, but most of his old colleagues remained with him. He has already made up his mind to grapple seriously with the question of education. His policy is to reduce taxes, and to push as far as possible the growing interests of his province. He is a convincing speaker, a sound lawyer, and a thoroughly well-informed man, while as an executive officer he has few equals in Canadian public life.





MINING DEVELOPMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An Historical Sketch.

BRITISH COLUMBIA does not make her début as a mining country on the strength of her present showing in West Kootenay. She did that in the fifties and early sixties, and though the world forgets very easily, the world has not yet forgotten the days of the Fraser River excitement, Golden Cariboo, or those fifty odd millions of dollars which British Columbia has contributed to the sum total of man's gold-store.

To-day is the day of a revival, not of a first appearance. In the early days when there were no railways, when British Columbia was practically as remote as Kamchatka, only the hardiest of men could be tempted to visit a country where the most primitive forms of placer-mining were rewarded by such prizes as fifty pounds of gold taken from one claim in a single day, and, naturally enough, the cream was soon skimmed. After that, the difficulties and cost of transportation made mining with machinery altogether impossible, or, at any rate, extremely unremunerative.

To-day all that is changed. The much (and, perhaps, deservedly) abused Canadian Pacific Railway has brought British Columbia into touch with the rest of the world. We forget too often how much this railway has done for us, though we have a very keen eye for its peccadilloes. But that is no evil. Kicking is the inalienable privi-

lege of every Britisher; and like mercy it blesses him that takes and him that gives, and is as good for the railway as it is soothing to that railway's patrons. If the Canadian Pacific Railway would only wake up and give Kootenay's smelters the Crow's Nest coal, which they so much need, we would forget all our minor grievances, and would be more ready to remember that, thanks to the Company and its leading officials, Cariboo is again to the fore, and that some of the old ground which we skimmed in 1858 is now producing its thousands in response to the efforts of the hydraulic miner. The day of the poor man has passed, but the day of the rich man and his machinery has come.

Here no one believes that the great Cariboo Company is on its legs yet, that it has begun to show us what its gravel is really worth; and yet is it such a small thing that on its first clean-up this year it produced between \$81,000 and \$82,000? It is probably true that this Company has expended some \$400,000 in development, but even so, \$81,000 for a first wash-up in the year is a reasonably good return. And this is but one of many companies in Cariboo, which itself is not the only centre of hydraulic mining in British Columbia. A good group of claims has recently been sold on the Similkameen, to an English Company, while at Alberni, on Vancouver Island,

there are hydraulic properties now in operation of which the owners have every reason to expect great things. But there is no space in such an article as this to deal fully with these. The mining development of to-day is essentially one of rock-mining—quartz mining, as it is generally called, though in many of the mines quartz is not the leading feature.

That ledges, which under certain circumstances would pay to mine, existed in British Columbia is no new discovery. Ledges (still unworked) were known long ago in Cariboo, but men could not afford to take machinery to them, and, besides, the public had then no inclination to mine. Texada Island produced, it is said, our first gold (\$20,000 of it, in 1848), and it is alleged that a certain prominent British Columbian has owned the Van Auda mine upon that island for from ten to fifteen years. He, of course, sat upon it patiently. The patience of a true British Columbian is the most pathetic thing in the West. Luckily for him and for the country, that irrepressible person, the American mining man, came along and disturbed the ancient settler's repose. It seemed to the American not a bad thing to get in and do some work. He, at any rate, was not of a contemplative turn of mind, and before the original owners were well awake he had gone through a certain amount of barren rock and found some very excellent bornite, of which he has already made several small shipments. It seems altogether probable that the Van Auda mine will in time make the fortunes both of the man who waited and the man who worked. And this in brief is the true story (however unpalatable) of British Columbia's recent development. We sat on our treasure, talking occasionally in our dreams of "great possibilities" until the Yankee tumbled over us and woke us up.

Sometime at the beginning of this century, men, and especially Hudson Bay men, knew of the existence of a great deposit of carbonate of lead, galena and copper, upon Kootenay Lake,

known as the Blue Bell mine. This great mine (now the mainstay of the Pilot Bay Smelting Company), for many years provided lead for a few trappers' bullets, and that was all. To-day the Blue Bell is supposed to have an average daily output of from 150 to 200 tons. The next step in the development of West Kootenay was the discovery of what are now known as the Hall Mines, upon Toad Mountain, at the back of Nelson, in the early eighties, by a party of prospectors from Colville. In the week ending June 6th, 1896, these Hall mines had a smelter return of 928 tons of ore, producing 88 tons of matte, and their shares were sold in London at a premium of 200 per cent. The Hall Mines Company is an English Company which smelts its own ore and some other people's, and is steadily adding to its smelting capacity. The ore is unlike the Kootenay's ore, as a rule, being described as bornite, tetrahedrite and chalcocypites, of which our B. C. Minister of Mines reports that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the general body of the ore averages when picked 100 oz. of silver and fifteen per cent. copper to the ton. The value of the matte may be estimated from the returns for March of this year. There were 2,102 tons of ore smelted, which produced 212 tons of matte, which contained 106 tons of copper and 67,113 oz. of silver.

After Toad Mountain came Slocan. The miners of Montana had found that \$20 rock would not pay to work. Mines closed down and the men who had made Montana came sweeping over into Kootenay. If any one knows anything about silver mining, the men of Montana know it. If any men are able to push their way through all natural objects in pursuit of the almighty dollar, the American prospectors will do it. They are no better than their English or Canadian rivals in courage or endurance, but prospecting is peculiarly their business; therefore in it they are peculiarly successful. The writer of this article has been with the men of Kootenay, English, Canadian and American, every year since

1890. He has seen the "boys" shovelling their way up the mountain torrents where the banks were too steep for a trail; he tramped in with the owner of the Cliff, cheery old Col. W., before the Cliff was thought of; he helped to open the first saloon at Carpenter Creek, and learned what it meant to forget the glasses and serve whiskey in tin pannikins; he saw the Slocan Star when it had hardly been scratched; saw Kaslo cleared, built, burned and rebuilt; he has lived with these prospectors, shot with them, helped to bring in their dead, and is even now twisting their tails as Provincial Sanitary Inspector, and he is convinced that there is not on earth a cheerier, harder set of fellows, a set who can pull better together, or who under properly administered laws, such as we have in B. C., are more law-abiding and reasonable citizens. Men talk of annexation, and the conquest of Kootenay by the American miners. Kootenay has been opened up very largely by the miners of America and the enterprise of American capitalists, and there is a certain amount of annexation going on, *but* it is the annexation of American citizens by Canada, seduced from their loyalty to the Great Republic by the attractions of Western Canada, within whose borders they find that they can mine securely and rest confident in the protection of a justice which does not miscarry. But this is not mining—though the gradual and kindly fusion of the two peoples upon the border line is one result of it.

About 1,890 men began to talk of the abnormally rich fields of argentiferous galena in the Slocan, and the men on the Coast, as usual, laughed and did their best to throw cold water on any little enthusiasm which those who had seen Slocan might display. At home in England, even as late as 1893, men laughed, too, and told you that when the mines began to ship ore they would believe in them. It is such an easy thing, of course, for men without money to develop mines, to build railways through a mountain country, or pay for the freight of their ore on men's backs

and mules' backs, and then by rail and steamer to Helena or Swansea!

And yet these men did this, and the ore of our country paid for its freight until it was sufficiently well-known to draw the railways to its aid. Now we have railways on all sides and cannot be bullied even, by the C. P. R. We had (and have) in Kootenay the two great levers with which mountains may be moved, Grit and Gold. In spite of physical obstacles, in spite of the steepest and roughest of mountains, in spite of the slump in silver, and the sleepy remonstrances of the city sluggards, the boys in the hills kept pegging away. They knew what the end would be if they could only demonstrate that they had galena which averaged 125 dollars to the ton, and plenty of it. Probably no country of the same class was ever less or worse advertised than West Kootenay.

Of course we owe something to the phenomenal activity of our Agents General, and something to papers and pamphlets, but no great line placarded London with notices of our new Eldorado, no great company forwarded the interests of our rival to South Africa, and it must be confessed that anything more contemptible than our little hotch-potch collection of minerals at the Imperial Institute it would be difficult to imagine. The pyramid of empty salmon cans overshadows it utterly. But though *they* did not advertise at all, men like Mr. Byron White were steadily at work developing such mines as the Slocan Star, and as a result we have two lines to-day competing for the silver of the Slocan. Between Nov. 1st, 1895, and May 1st, 1896, that district shipped out of the country nearly 10,000 tons of ore, and between 1,400 and 1,500 tons of bullion from its own smelter at Pilot Bay.

Sixteen of Slocan's mines are recorded as having earned 1,500,000 dollars (gross) for six months of the current year, and such is the position of other properties in this and other sections of Kootenay to-day, that the present writer (who has dared to prophesy many times before during the last six years) does

not feel afraid to endorse the prophecy of one of B.C.'s most conservative mining men, that "In three years Kootenay's output will be ten times what it is to-day." He is possibly short of the mark. Day by day the Slocan country is adding to the number of its producing mines, and day by day men are discovering fresh prospects, though not all of such magnificent promise as the Galena Farm.

It would almost seem as if a country which had provided its people with the placer grounds of Cariboo and the silver fields of Slocan had done enough for them. But there is no limit to the generosity of the West. Just when men had proved beyond all doubt that the galena of Slocan was plentiful and of very high grade, and also that the world's markets did not want silver at any price, some prospectors found their way up Trail Creek to Rossland, as men now call it. Then it was as unpretentious as a hundred other mountains in our country. Even in 1894 (September) there were only four log shanties there, and to-day there is a big town, with waterworks, banks, electric lights, something like 5,000 people, the ceaseless ring of the builders' hammers on every side, and more life, if not more money, in circulation in it than in all the rest of the towns put together. Of course there are towns which are older and richer at present, but it is very doubtful if in any of them money is spent as freely and made as easily as in Rossland. The foundation of all this flood of prosperity is a belt of mineral, known as pyrotite, running through the country, and which carries its values principally in gold and copper. As compared with some of our recent discoveries of gold quartz at Lilloet and elsewhere, and even as compared with the galenas of Slocan, the Rossland pyrotite is not very high grade ore, but it occurs in enormous bodies, and the latest developments would seem to indicate that these bodies of pyrotite, beneath a heavy iron capping, running apparently in parallel veins, occur not only throughout Red Mountain, Monte Christo Mountain and

Columbia Mountain (in which they have been proved in one instance, at least, to a depth of 450 feet), but also in what is known as the Southern Belt and in several camps near Trail and along the Columbia River.

The Victoria Board of Trade Report for 1895 says of this ore, that the average value of it is about \$40 to the ton, the values being principally in gold with a percentage of silver and copper, but higher grades are found in the lowest levels. Another characteristic of this Trail district is that nearly all the ore veins so far developed have been found to widen with depth.

For the last six months Rossland has been full of experts from England and elsewhere. Beginning with a short boom, which of course brought some wildcats to the surface, the situation has gradually improved until now the country is full of genuine capitalists who want developed mines or prospects which they buy to develop, not to sell again to men who know nothing about them. Amongst these men there are plenty of well-known English and Canadian as well as American mining men, and indeed it would almost seem as if eventually the Old Country would have at least her share of the best of the Rossland mines.

The best experts tell us that if one per cent. of our prospects turn into shipping mines at Rossland, we shall have one of the biggest camps on earth. He would be a bold man who would say that one per cent. of those upon which real development work has been done has yet proved a failure. If it be possible to adapt any of the new leaching processes to the cheap treatment of low grade pyrotite ore (from \$9 to \$12 per ton) the number of our failures will be peculiarly small, the growth of our camp fabulous.

All through the country there is now an atmosphere of steady, hard work, Rossland is as busy as a hive of bees; but she is as quiet and orderly as an English village on Sunday. Long before the visitor is wide awake there is an incessant ring of builders' hammers all around. At regular intervals through-

out the day there are volleys of blasts in the mines. Every issue of the local paper contains bona-fide reports of new strikes upon developing properties or of sales to men whose names are well known in financial circles, and luckily for us a spirit is awake in our press which is exceedingly intolerant of the Wild Cat and the Boomer.

Kootenay, after a long period of waiting, is now rapidly becoming possessed of most of those things which she needs. The Coast at last is awake to the fact that the mainland of British Columbia is actually a part of that Province; more than that, that it is a part of the Province of exactly the same importance to the Province as his purse is to a man. These facts, too, have been established: that the sun does not rise and set exclusively within the domains of the E. and W. Ry., and that Canada has no intention of abandoning this fraction of her Dominion to any monopolists.

The result of these great discoveries is a rapid improvement in tone here. Men are hopeful again everywhere. The "boys" of Kootenay and Cariboo have sent a man of their own choosing to Ottawa of whom some of them recently told the writer that they didn't go a whole heap on his politics and he was no account at all at whiskey, but they guessed he was pretty — straight for a politician! That is what Kootenay wants. We are not politicians here; we are miners, and the man who will *honestly* push our mining interests, whether Liberal or Conservative, is the man for Kootenay. From outside, men with money have come to us to develop our mines, a broad gauge railway has run into Rossland this Autumn, and possibly we may yet have our great need satisfied by the building of the Crow's Nest Pass Ry. We have the mines and the men and the money. What we still want are smelters with refineries in the right places, and fuel of our own at a cheap rate to feed the same. At present it is alleged that we pay over \$17 per ton for imported American coke, whilst if we had the Crow's Nest Pass Ry. we could lay

down our own coke at half that price. By the time we get the Crow's Nest Pass Ry., it does not seem too much to hope that our smelting men will have thoroughly mastered the difficulties of smelting our peculiar form of ore to the best advantage, and may have established smelters and refineries at the best points within our own boundaries. British Columbia has a good many past extravagances to pay for, Government buildings "to anchor the Capital" and such like, and she wants to make for herself every dollar which she can out of her own industries; but if she ever gets her own coke and a cheap process for treating her low grade sulphide ores she can pay her outstanding accounts with the profits of Trail, and have another spree on the silver of Slocan.

As to this question of smelters, in reply to a question of mine, my friend Mr. Leslie Hill writes: "To be successful, a smelter must be run on a large scale and must be able to draw supplies of ore from a large district. A smelter should refine as well as smelt, and to do this successfully it must be run on a large scale and must be able to run 365 days in the year.

"A smelter also requires a large variety of ores so that it may be able to make the best smelting, and both these conditions can only be fulfilled when the smelter obtains ores from a large district. As you know, at present most of the B.C. ores are smelted in the States, and this important industry is lost to Canada," (as is most of the trade which goes to Spokane.)

"The supply of fuel and fluxes also enters largely into the question of successful smelting. Now it is claimed that good coking coal exists in large quantities in the Crow's Nest Pass coal-field. If this is so, and the Crow's Nest Railway is built, it would seem that some point on the Kootenay Lake, probably near the outlet, would best fulfil the conditions necessary for an ideal smelting point."

This is one man's view.

Other persons point to Vancouver as the proper place for a smelter, and

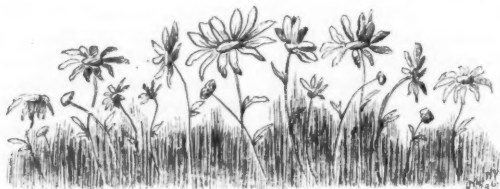
it is alleged that two exceedingly strong financial combinations are competing for the establishment of smelters and refineries at that point. In favour of Vancouver, its friends allege that (the Crow's Nest Pass Railway apart) it can bring down cheaper coke than can be laid down at other points, coke, that is, from Cardiff or Australia, at \$9.00 per ton, and that possibly even cheaper coke will be available in the future from Comox; that it is a competitive point on the railway systems having command of the C. P. Ry., the Northern Pacific Railway, and the Great Northern; that wages are lower on the Coast than in the interior; that less fuel is used in treating ore on the sea level than at a greater elevation.

There is this to be added of which little has so far been said in this brief sketch. All along our coast and on

the island at Alberni, on Phillip's Arm at Texada, and elsewhere, fresh deposits of mineral are being opened up. These would help materially to increase that volume and variety of ore (gathered, say, at Vancouver) which seems to be an essential to success in smelting operations.

Perhaps the best that could happen to British Columbia would be, not the establishment of a lot of small smelters all over the place, but of one great company with smelters and refineries at Vancouver, with that direct railway to Kootenay of which men are beginning to talk, and which is absolutely needed to bind mainland and coast into one prosperous whole, and to make the most of our really magnificent resources for British Columbia, for Canada, and for that great Empire of which Canada is a part.

Clive Phillips-Wolley.



HOPE—THE CONQUEROR.

GRIM Sorrow looked upon a maid one day,
Quoth he, "Thou art most wondrous fair of face;
But I will change thy golden hair to grey,
And many lines across thy dimples trace;
Thine eyes shall dim with mourning and with tears;
And mirth, from those red lips, shall rarely flow."
But Hope stepped forth and whispered, "Cease thy fears,
I will defend thee, maid, 'gainst yonder foe."

So, side by side, they toiled, day after day,
Upon that fair, sweet face, nor stopped to rest;
But Hope's warm kiss brushed tears and lines away,
And Hope's soft whisperings soothed her troubled breast.
Sorrow, discouraged, cast his tools aside,
And paused a moment ere he turned to flee,
"Though I have worked with tireless zeal," he cried,
"Thou, Hope, hast truly conquered—even me."

Lizzie E. Dias.

BRITISH AMERICA'S GOLDEN GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT.

ROSSLAND AND THE KOOTENAY MINING CENTRES.

BY THE HONOURABLE C. H. MACKINTOSH, LIEUT.-GOV. OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.



VOLTAIRE, congratulating Louis XV. upon being happily rid of a few hundred leagues of snow and ice, may have been impelled by a desire to minister to a monarch's vanity, please Pompadour, and calm the patrician sensitiveness of the French court; whatever his motive, the illustrious savant's estimate was sadly astray. Great Britain absorbed a splendid heritage, while France lost a game well worth winning. But, why speculate? Mon-

arch and Voltaire and Pompadour, the fripperies and furbelows of Versailles, the tinselled votaries at royalty's shrine, long ago crossed the Great Divide, and places that knew them once shall know them no more, forever. Still, candour compels the admission that even Britain was virtually coerced into keeping possessions in North America; her magnificent domain to the south went by the board, consequent upon the stubborn temperament and crass stupidity of a reigning Sovereign, apparently misled by the fallacy that British blood, British pluck and British prowess underwent some extraordinary

transformation by a voyage across the Atlantic. The spirit of the United Empire Loyalists, unswerving devotion and attachment to the mother country, maintained her supremacy on the northern portion of the continent, despite Oregon capitulations and Maine Treaty surrenders. Hence, above all others, the Dominion of Canada is entitled to the distinction of being a self-made and self-sustaining colonial Empire.

Like other sections, the western country took care of itself through an extremely eventful period; for, had ready-made diplomats been vouchsafed the permanent privilege of playing battledore and shuttlecock with interests under their control, scarce an acre would have remained vested in the Crown. To-day, British tourists may be heard intermingling eulogies upon Canada with criticisms upon the idiocy of Louis the Fifteenth's belief that the "cession" represented a mere flimsy bagatelle. These, apparently, overlook the fact that, in days not far remote, diplomatic negotiations affecting colonial affairs too often savoured of pomposity, with a transparent veneer of Downing Street polish. Happily, in those primitive times, there were glorious exceptions, although, generally speaking, Imperial representatives, baptised, as it were, in batches, sallied forth—in a species of hand-me-down wardrobe, labelled Genuine, but unmistakable—Misfits; all convinced that it was

"Something like fulfilling the prophecies,
"When all the best families had the best offices."

These wrote Latin correctly, were apt at Homeric quotations, their secretaries prepared profound State papers, they

drew the salaries and the colonists drew the suffering.

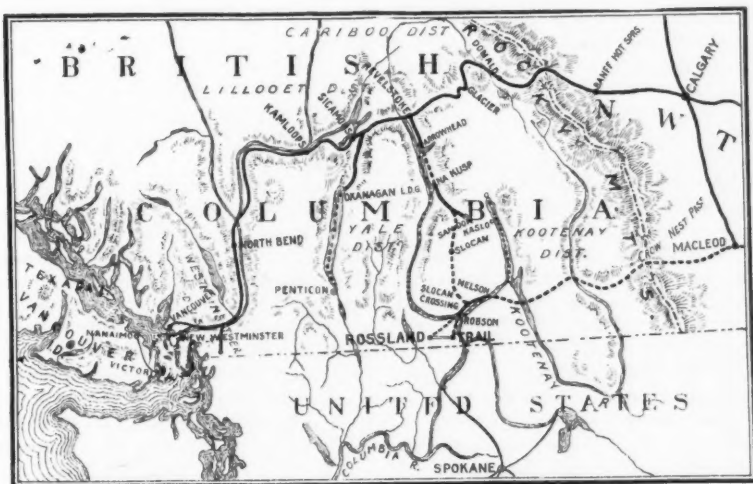
It is not the earlier epoch over which Canadians delight to ponder, although the sun's rays were as warm and the moon's beams as soft and mellow as to-day. There lived good and bad, enlightened and ignorant, men; brave colonial and chivalrous imperial officers and soldiers, who, through trial and temptation, rallied beneath the same glorious flag; there were, in all emergencies, battalions of patriots, prepared to sustain the mother land in the hour of darkness, danger, and tribulation. The past, then, should be without regrets, because Canadians were true to themselves; because no great disaster checked their progress, and because, in later days, statesmen guided national destinies, and Royalty's vice-regents were sought for amongst the ablest Imperial diplomats. Wisdom delights in gazing towards the beautiful stars, instead of contemplating sombre elements below. Bygone experience taught our people self-reliance, and the closing years of the nineteenth century demonstrate that here, upon British soil, has been established one of the most prosperous, one of the most industrious commonwealths civilization ever produced.

Since 1867, Canadians have recognized that the component parts of a Federal union must work in harmony if the national fabric is to be perfected; that even from a selfish standpoint, being of one family, it is to their interest to glory over the success of each individual member thereof. The Provinces joined in a great co-operative undertaking, and the voice of British Columbia should appeal to the people of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, as effectively as though borne upon the waves of the Atlantic, instead of the Pacific. Believing this to be a solution of the problem, how best to promote the practical development of the Dominion, it is of vast importance that Canadians should know their own country, its capabilities, its varied resources, its marvellous reserved power; and, so

knowing, move with confidence in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy.

Little more than twenty-five years ago, Canadians looked askance when British Columbia, in consideration of becoming an integral part of the Dominion, demanded that the walls of adamant frowning over her eastern boundaries should be pierced by a railway. This somewhat startled those who prided themselves upon representing the progressive Provinces of older Canada; consequently, there was some hesitancy in assuming responsibility for an experiment which some imagined a miracle only could prevent from precipitating national disaster. New Caledonia had been read of, in palmy days of Hudson's Bay supremacy, as a trading post and as a Crown colony; British Columbia heard of as being an isolated and somewhat exclusive community, a trifle insular, despite towering cliffs and sea-beaten coasts; but, as to being a country of great possibilities, few even dreamed.

Certainly, it had been the fur-traders' Mecca; its waters teemed with fish; its forests produced magnificent timber; a modicum of gold had possibly escaped the ferret-like proclivities of the ubiquitous prospector; there were bands of Sarcees, famous for filth and remarkable for chronic laziness; there were groups of Chinese, possessed of immortal appetites for gambling, and the living embodiment of almond-eyed hypocrisy. In short, grewsome pessimists found salmon in sufficiency in the Metapedia and Restigouche (salmon rising to a fly, too!); timber enough in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick; gold enough in Nova Scotia; and, as to railways, commerce was crying aloud for means of transport to and from localities whose population had for decades contributed taxes to the national treasury. Enlightened travelers, keen observers, were, however, abreast of the times; these fully appreciated the advantages accruing from ports on the Pacific, and a highway



MAP OF SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

through British territory to the centres of trade in Asia. Common sense, patriotism, statesmanship, triumphed; the great trans-continental road became a reality, and British Columbia to-day exercises a significant and far-reaching influence, not alone upon Canada's future, but upon Imperial destinies as well.

A few words, then, concerning the historic past of British Columbia. Prior to 1843, the northern portion of Oregon territory had been a common hunting ground for traders of all nationalities; but, consequent upon a doubt existing with reference to the boundary line between the United States and British territory, a new site for the erection of a fort was chosen by the Hudson's Bay Company, and where the beautiful city of Victoria now stands, palisaded enclosures, bastions and offices were erected, and until 1846 the post was known as "Camosun." But even then gold was destined to attract the attention of the outside world to the mineral wealth of New Caledonia. The United States "jockeyed" the Mexicans and secured California; and when, in 1848-9, gold was discovered there, an impetus was

given to explorations elsewhere, Queen Charlotte Islands being known to contain deposits of the precious metal.

At that time, the boundaries of New Caledonia included the whole region from Peace River and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, while the southern boundary was defined by the Columbia River, from the outlet of that river on the Pacific Ocean, following its course eastward to Fort Colville, thence along the Kootenay and Flathead Rivers to the Kootenay pass in the Rocky Mountains. The northern boundary was usually defined as reaching the Russian possessions on the north-west. Subsequently, an Imperial proclamation of the 2nd August, 1858, constituted British Columbia a colony, and declared the boundary on the south to be the frontier of the United States of America; to the east, the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; to the north, Simpson River and the Finlay branch of Peace River; and the west, the Pacific Ocean, including Queen Charlotte Islands, but not the colony of Vancouver Island. In 1863, minor changes took place in the definition of the boundaries of British Columbia. Subsequently, (1866) the union of British Columbia and

Vancouver Island was consummated. New Westminster had been proclaimed the capital of the colony of British Columbia in 1859, but upon the union of the colonies, the City of Victoria (1868) was chosen to be the seat of government.

While these internal changes were taking place, miners who accumulated money in California, and some who had been unsuccessful, were affected by the rumour that employees of the Hudson's Bay Company had found gold on the banks of the Thompson, and between 1858 and 1860 the trading post of Victoria witnessed the arrival of at least 18,000 or 20,000 adventurous discoverers. These hardy men roughed it over trails and tracks; climbed precipitous mountains; forced their way through dangerous gorges and trackless forests; disputed with semi-hostile Indians the right to invade their hunting-grounds, and to gather "fine" and "coarse" gold on the lower reaches of the Fraser. As year followed year the restless pioneers continued their researches, until the Cariboo country, some 400 miles from the sea, was reached. Then began an era of gold gathering surpassing anything that had been known, even in portions of California. The "placer" mining in the channel of Lightning Creek produced gold amounting to \$200 to each running foot of its length, while portions of Williams' Creek, far up in Northern Cariboo, yielded over \$1,000 for each running foot of its length. The record shows that from Steele's claim, 80x25 feet, over \$100,000 worth of gold was obtained; from the Diller claim, in 24 hours, 200 lbs. weight of gold, valued at \$38,400 was raised, and in 1863 twenty claims produced from 70 to 400 oz. of gold per day. This was the "golden year" on Williams' Creek, and many will remember the celebrated "Cariboo Cameron" of Glengarry, who amassed much wealth, lost it all in speculations, and returned to be buried near the spot whence he had obtained a fortune.

Great development followed in other parts, until, in 1870, the Butcher claim

on Lightning Creek yielded 350 oz. of gold a day; the "Aurora," 300 to 600 oz.; and the "Caledonia," 300 oz., and, up to the present time, the old valleys of Cariboo, the Omenica district, which drains its basin into the Peace River, the Cassiar district in latitude 58°, prove that those portions of British Columbia still possess rare deposits of alluvial gold, the lowest estimate of the total output, since working commenced, being \$54,000,000; fully justifying the expectation that, as the gold obtained has been mingled with the quartz of the parent veins, quartz mining has yet to introduce a second golden epoch in the far North, more particularly as the great streams tributary to the Yukon (an unorganized district in the North-west Territories), such as the Stewart, Hootalinka, and other rivers, are now yielding immense quantities of the precious stuff; while recent reports from Forty Mile Creek prove beyond doubt that quartz veins richer than the Treadwell mine exist throughout the Yukon country.

This then, in brief, is the story of British Columbia's earlier experiences. The Province produced able men, these being devotedly attached to her interests; in fact, if there is one thing above another which impresses the observer, it is the pride all classes manifest towards native institutions. The people rolled up history in a hurry; a Fur country, a Crown colony, an Independent colony, a Province of the Dominion, every phase within a quarter of a century! Could a more suggestive and significant object-lesson be found elsewhere? Is there a community prepared to dispute the claim of British Columbia to a foremost place in the galaxy of Provinces forming the Dominion? Is there a Canadian, is there a British subject, unwilling to recognize the sterling qualities of those who control the Empire's Golden Gateway to the Orient? Surely not.

One thing is certain, British Columbia has been honest with the outside



A MINING CAMP IN LILLOOET DISTRICT.

world. There is a marked contrast between the candour of statements made in official pamphlets and the generally accepted impression as to western veracity. No El Dorado has been painted; no gloss or loud colouring is discoverable; dangers and difficulties are in no degree minimized; all are told, "Let no one imagine that he is certain to find in British Columbia ample and immediate scope for his abilities. He must rather consider what sacrifices he is prepared to make!"

The policy of British Columbia is peculiarly creditable, in view of the fact that even over-eulogy would fail to convey the full idea of her economic resources. The enquirer aims at forming a just opinion of the coal product; what does he find? That in Nanaimo there are 200 square miles of deposits; in Comox, 300 square miles, the latter estimated to yield 16,000,000 tons to the square mile. Then in the vicinity of Field, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, large deposits exist, while in the Crow's Nest Pass district twenty seams are exposed, with an average thickness of 120 to 140 feet, much of it resembling Scotch "Boghead," rich in disposable hydrogen, and yielding 40.19 per cent. of firm, lustrous coke. And iron! Let those desirous of gaining practical knowledge of the fact go to Texada, an island in the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, north-east from Nanaimo, and, if he is dubious as to the quality, visit the smelter at Port Townshend. Again, at Sooke, in the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, and away to the north, large deposits of magnetic ore exist, and the day may not be far distant when the iron and steel works of British Columbia will be a recognized institution throughout the Dominion. Is lumber required? Let the visitor go to New Westminster district, with its scores of mills; to Vancouver, Yale, Cariboo, and even as far as Cassiar. Of course, the proportions of the Douglas fir are known to be phenomenal, and fully eighty or eighty-five per cent. of the cut is from this timber. In the Comox district, it is stated on unquestionable authority, a firm of loggers

cut and measured 508,000 feet of timber off one acre of forest. And seal hunting, salmon canning, deep sea and coast fisheries, these flourish throughout the Province, while the fur trade is usually remunerative and active, including the skins of the black, brown and grizzly bear, the beaver, silver fox and sea otter, besides minor pelts of various kinds. It is, indeed, a heritage to be proud of.

It must not be imagined that only one gold area has been discovered or worked in British Columbia. The writer has referred to northern placer mining; it is also carried on in East Kootenay at present. A glance at the map conveys an intelligent idea of the various divisions. Cariboo comprises Barkerville Division, Lightning Creek Division, Quesnelmouth Division, and Kerthly Creek Division. Cassiar comprises Laketon Division, McDame Creek Division, and Liard River, and Kootenay comprises the Eastern and Western Division. The others are Lillooet Division, Yale Division and Osoyoos, which includes Okanagan, the Boundary country, and all that section south of Vernon. Lillooet has produced free milling quartz, the "Golden Cache" being phenomenally rich, so far as operations have extended. Some properties have been abandoned, and some worked to advantage. The Yale Division has been far-famed for Boston Bar and other placer deposits. In fact, the gold and silver area apparently has no limit north, and occupies a belt of fully 200 miles between the East and West. Some of the ore, both gold and silver, is low grade, but as a general thing tonnage assays yield very satisfactory results.

Presuming the traveller to be going directly south, he arrives at Revelstoke on the Canadian Pacific in the afternoon, changes cars at the Station, and takes the Columbia and Kootenay road, operated by the Canadian Pacific, to Arrowhead on the Columbia River; secures passage on the navigation Company's steamer, and in winter,

consequent upon shallow water, when reaching Robson moves bag and baggage into a smaller craft, and about one o'clock the next day is at Trail, where he walks a plank, mounts a gangway, and looks about him. Trail, with a population of 1,800, is prettily situated on the banks of the river.

A tramp up the hill to the great smelter is one of the "things" that must be done. It is very creditably managed, all the officials being young and devoted to their duties. Several promising gold properties are being worked on Lookout Mountain, in the immediate vicinity, amongst which the "Sawbill," "Sovereign," "Joker," "Sultana," "Red Point," "St. Charles," "Debbs" are prominent. Consequent upon proximity to the smelter much interest is taken in their development, and, judging from progress made, these mines promise to rival the very best in other localities.

So much for Trail. The tourist is anxious to proceed; and he can drive from Trail to Rossland, or take the Columbia and Western Railway destined for the same point. By rail, with its zig-zag, "switch-back" twists and turns, and jumps and bumps, the route is about 12 or 13 miles; the time occupied in the trip, from one to five hours, depending upon the weather. Sometimes the passenger prefers walking, or it becomes imperative, as the locomotive, or a car, leaves the track, or snow blocks the entire "outfit." Then pedestrianism follows.

Well, the traveller has arrived at Rossland; he can choose the Allan House in the centre of the town, or the Windsor, or the Butte, or the Lancaster, or the Kootenay, or the Pacific, or the Clifton, or the Grand Union, all comfortable hostelries, some with sleeping apartments and no dining-room, others with both. Then the traveller can go to bed, sleep peacefully, fearing no evil, for law and order are supreme, and spend the night dreaming of far-famed Golconda and its fabulous productions.

Any of the substantial mining managers grant permits to responsible

parties to visit their claims; horse-back is the usual method of locomotion, and so long as the tourist is careful no accident need happen. At times an animal slips, the rider rolls off, and his cayuse goes down hill; strange to say it seldom sustains serious injuries.

On Columbia Avenue, in 1890, where now for half a mile buildings of every description have been erected, but one unpretending edifice could be seen. It was the cabin, or "shake," or "shack," of Ross Thompson, an Ontario boy from Bruce, who, having roughed it in Manitoba and the Western States, sought, and for the time being found, solitude in this region. None appeared anxious to disturb him, nor did he intend that they should. He came and went, prospected and hunted, was cheerful at times, despondent at times, his log shanty was his castle, his settlement being ironically called "Ross's Land." Meanwhile a few stragglers arrived from Montana and Idaho, gold was discovered in paying quantity, and Ross Thompson came to the front. So much has been written about the early development of Trail Creek and its tributaries that the reader may well be spared further infliction. Suffice it to say, Rossland townsite was surveyed in 1894, and in March, 1895—not two years ago—the coming city of the Kootenays began its rapid strides. The old log cabin was moved to the rear of Columbia Avenue, to make way for a commodious drug-store and other buildings; then the pioneer workers, with Ross Thompson, drew up and had their likeness taken, with the old log cabin in the background. They were all present except one, and his absence the writer discovered from a pioneer settler, who, looking at the photograph, exclaimed, "Say, Boss, Austin should be in that 'ere picter!" As there was no time to introduce Mr. Austin, the only method of remedying the omission is to chronicle the fact.

The town has an electric light-



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

AT THE MOUTH OF A MINE.

ing system, water-works — yet to be greatly improved—capital hotels, and stores of every description. The fire system has not yet been perfected, although a good force exists. There is a hospital, where the Sisters are, indeed, ministering angels, and where many an injured miner has found a haven of rest and comfort. When the railway system of Southern Kootenay is completed Rossland will be a centre from which many roads will radiate, including the Columbia & Western, the Columbia & Red Mountain, the Crow's Nest (to be commenced this year), and eventually, perhaps, the proposed line through the Hope Mountains into the Okanagan country, and east. Thus it will be seen that those who should know, those most interested, have faith in the permanency of Rossland's gold output.

The opening of the Boundary Creek country will in no manner injure Southern Kootenay, although new towns will spring up at Grand Forks, Greenwood City, Anaconda, and other points. Grand Forks is situated at the junction of the North Fork and Kettle River, about three miles north of the boundary, and it is stated that the Spokane & Northern Railway contemplate constructing a narrow-gauge road from Marcus, in Washington, to the former point, eventually connecting with a line from the Pacific coast. There are now daily stage routes from Marcus and from Penticton to Okanagan Lake. Up to recent date the postal facilities were wretched, a poor building and paucity of attendants being particularly noticeable. No doubt the Government of the day will

see to it that the local officials are supplied with the necessary assistance, for it is sadly required. The Canadian Pacific and Western Union Telegraph



ROSS THOMPSON.

(The First Owner of Rossland.)

systems have offices on Columbia Avenue, while four newspapers are published: the *Miner*, daily and weekly; the *Record*, daily and weekly; the *Rosslander*, weekly; and the *Review*, weekly.

Rossland's educational system keeps pace with the progress of the town, there being accommodation for between 150 and 175 pupils at the public school. The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of British North America have branches in the town, both being kept busy from an early hour in the morning until late at night. The Bank of British Columbia will also open this

tives the miner imagines something has gone wrong! Here the prospector who comes in from a rough week's work behaves himself—if not, John Kirkup, the Chief of Police, sends him to Kamloops to "dig dirt," as the popular local vocabulary describes consignment to prison for a few weeks. These prospectors undergo great hardships and are very prodigal in their manner of living. The poor fellows do not get fair play, for, usually, their work benefits everyone excepting themselves. Some have done remarkably well, however; the writer heard a well-known character who discovered



THE FIRST CABIN IN ROSSLAND (ROSS THOMPSON'S).

spring, and, no doubt, others will follow.

Despite the natural sociability of miners few are seen under the influence of spirituous liquors; the laws of the country are respected; and a noticeable feature of this cosmopolitan "camp" is the high opinion entertained by people from the United States regarding Canada's constitution and system of government. All classes are busy, hence little time remains for mischief and little temptation to use strong language. In the Western States, unless the atmosphere is kept blue by exple-

"Volcanic Mountain," in the Boundary country, upon being asked if he had made money, exclaim, "Money! I don't know how much I'm worth—I'm dead rich!"

One phase of mining experience in all countries is that the men who know the least talk the most. The writer has heard travellers discuss Trail Creek district, and on enquiring found that they had never been so far south, but visited the Slocan country, and *vice versa*; and the next thing was to

read in newspapers interviews with gentlemen concerning both "camps," based upon scraps of information gathered from passengers on a through trip over the Canadian Pacific! No matter whether their opinions were eulogistic or condemnatory, it was not just to the public nor to the mineral districts. Service, experience, exploratory knowledge have been baffled both

business gatherings and social entertainments.

But to return to more important subjects: According to William A. Carlyle, Provincial Mineralogist of British Columbia, a gentleman whose industry is remarkable, the first-class ores in Trail district consist mainly of massive fine-grained pyrrhotite and copper pyrites, sometimes with a little magnetite or mispickel, with more or less quartz and calcite. In this class of ore, as found in the lowest workings of the Le Roi, the amount of quartz is much higher, the smelting returns giving 41 to 52.8 per cent. silica, and 20.6 to 26.8 per cent. *feo.*; but this is proving the best ore in the mine. The average smelter returns were, on 1,200 tons, 2.6 oz. of gold, 1.8 oz. of silver, and 2.5 per cent. of copper, or \$53.05 net, per ton, while some shipments went as high as 4.06 oz. in gold. The second-class ore, and the bulk of the ore of the camp shipped will probably be of this character and value, is a diorite, with a comparatively small percentage of these sulphides, but the value is still very good; 1,800 tons of the Le Roi second-class yielded, by smelter returns, an average of 1.34 oz. of gold, 1.4 oz. of silver, and 1.6 per cent. of copper, or \$27.97 net per ton.

The fact must not be overlooked that, although mining supplies are dear enough, as roads are opened and competition increases the cheapening process will follow. Machinery and appliances, measured by prices a few years ago, have been greatly reduced in cost, and if miners and foremen, and all employed in the performance of manual labour, receive the benefit, the world will be happier and toilers more contented. The following prices for labour are, as nearly as possible, correct: Miners, \$3 to \$3.50 per eight and ten hour shifts; trammers and topmen, \$2.50 per ten hours; engineers, \$3.50 to \$4 per ten hours; foremen, \$4 to \$5 per day. The cost of driving tunnels or drifts depends much upon the nature of the ground. In exceptional places, where the ground is much



PANNING.

in Ontario and British Columbia regarding the existence of various ores, and the only method of knowing is to see. Certainly the Kootenay country possesses many attractions even apart from the gold and silver deposits. At Rossland one is in the centre of a cosmopolitan metropolis: South Africa, California, Australia, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Mexico, Wales, and all the Provinces of the Dominion are represented. An evening with the social element there assembled is, in reality, a revelation. On the occasion of the visit of the Hon. A. G. Blair and Colonel Domville, M.P., an object lesson of mining hospitality impressed itself upon the observer. The people talked plainly, but were not self-assertive; they were courteous without being obsequious; and in return their visitors met them heart to heart and eye to eye. The same feature is characteristic of

broken, the cost is from \$7 to \$10 per foot, but in solid, tough diorite from \$10.50 to \$15.50 per foot. Shaft sinking depends upon the size to some extent, but costs from \$18 to \$23 per foot. The prices of timber, lumber, wood and other supplies are reasonable. The cost of these services, however, will vary according to the character of the rock.

Increased gold output is not solely the result of greater discoveries, but low-grade, refractory ores can be mined economically, the "tailings" can be saved, air-drills have been perfected, and the cyanide process has enabled the miner of certain ores to gather substance from what was shadow. Rock cutting, except under exceptional conditions, has dropped from \$12 to \$16 per foot to as low as \$4.50; "stop-ping," or breaking the ore after the tunnels have been excavated, can be performed for 75c. per foot, as compared with \$3 under the primitive system. In short, supplies are cheaper, mechanical methods more perfect; while the cyanide process, where it can be applied, has worked a practical revolution. In South Africa, where mining was abandoned in 1884, the ore was refractory and low grade, but now, with values ranging from \$8 to \$22 per ton, immense dividends are being declared, and the Transvaal contributes nearly \$43,000,000 per annum to the world's golden treasury. What full returns for 1897, from South Africa, will be only time and official statistics can reveal. Certainly, the outlook is not promising for shareholders, despite the fact that immense quantities of the valuable ore undoubtedly exist. Bayonets and bullets do not belong to modern mining itinerary. If indulged in, even gold could not carry the extra financial burthen.

What of the future of Southern Kootenay? Some render judgment upon mines according to the district in which they or their friends are interested; that is human nature the world over. It happens, however, in the

entire Kootenay country discoveries have been so numerous, extending over such large areas, that, be he scientist or layman, no one would care to jeopardize his reputation by a definite pronouncement antagonistic to the Trail district. Long ago that accomplished scientist, Doctor G. M. Dawson, C.M.G., Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, a gentleman whose indefatigable efforts in this direction entitle him to high honours, pointed out that the Cordilleran belt, or Rocky Mountain region of North America, forming the wide western rim of the continent, had, whenever adequately tested, proved to be rich in precious metals as well as baser ores, comprising throughout a metalliferous country; that alluvial gold deposits or placer mining invariably indicated the existence of quartz ores, and that the more permanent phase of mining invariably followed the construction of



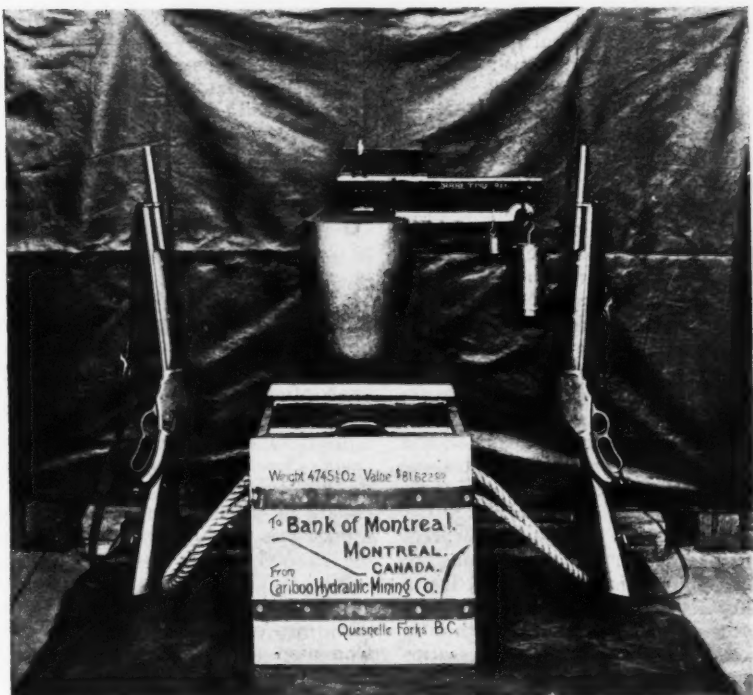
AN OLD PIONEER.

railways and roads. The Province of British Columbia, from south-east to north-west, including as it does a length of over 800 miles of the Cordilleran region, and with the further extension of the same comprised within the boundaries of the Dominion of Canada, aggregates over 1,200 miles, being identical with the whole length of the region contained within the United States from its Southern boundary with Mexico to its Northern with Canada. Doctor Dawson considered that, being a mountainous country, the development of the resources of the Pacific Provinces would necessarily be slow; but once preliminary obstacles had been overcome, an era of prosperity, difficult to foresee the extent or the end of, would be experienced. His opinion was, indeed, prophetic, as is proved by the rich auriferous quartz reefs now under development, not only meaning wealth to the miner and to the nation, but stimulating every branch of agriculture and commerce.

This is the field now open for the display of Canadian energy. It must be remembered that several of the prolific mines of to-day were abandoned and condemned not very long ago, just as were some of the best South African properties in 1884; just as were many of the promising prospects on the Seine River and Lake of the Woods in Ontario. The oldest miners confess that the greater their experience, the less confidence they feel in rendering a final opinion. In fact, five years ago the mines between Nelson, Kaslo and Slocan were almost unknown, and, if known, generally discredited, wise-aces even venturing to cast the horoscope of failure in connection with the "Silver King." Then, again, the "Slocan Star," "Galena Farm" and many other rich claims, all were to rapidly exhaust themselves, and had the opinion of a few pre-vailed, patient toilers would have given up hope, lost heart, and abandoned not only those, but many other valuable locations. They had faith, which was infinitely better than the random opinions of very random

experts. The same with Trail Creek country; had Durant, and Turner, and Clark, and Galusha, and Warren, and Burke, and Moynahan, and many others, surrendered their judgment to the keeping of those who "knew it all," Rossland would never have been heard of, and Ross Thompson would be sitting in his log cabin cheered by the howling of the wolves, and enlivened by the companionship of grizzlies.

Supposing both to start upon a legitimate basis, probably as much money is lost in commercial as in mining ventures; but the man who pays for calico must not expect to open the box and find velvet, and the man who purchases a mine must spend money to find gold or silver, unless bare rock or iron capping would satisfy him. The ore does not grow on trees, and he who wants must send after it. This was done in the "Le Roy," "War Eagle," "Poorman," "Iron Mask," "Virginia," "Centre Star," "Idaho," "C. & C.," "Columbia & Kootenay," "Josie," "Monte Cristo," "St. Elmo," "Mayflower," "Colonna," "City of Spokane," "Georgia," "Red Mountain," "Jumbo," "O. K.," "Great Western," "Enterprise," "Evening Star," "Iron Horse." It is being done in the "Sovereign," "R. E. Lee," "Maid of Erin," "Home Stake," "Lilly May," "Crown Point," "Nickle Plate," "Deer Park," "Commander," "Palo Alto," "San Joaquin," "San Juan," "Spotted Tail," "Caledonia," "Consolidated," "Mugwump," "Nest Egg," "Silverine," "California," and many others covering large areas on Red Mountain, the South Belt, and Look-out Mountain. Probably twenty or thirty of these will be shipping ore during 1897, and three times that number in 1898; and who shall venture to question the probability of greater discoveries, or doubt that within a reasonable period cheap transport, local smelters, and perfected machinery will vouchsafe a profit on ore at present remaining on the "dumps"? The writer emphatically repeats that two requisites are indispensably necessary: cheap trans-



FROM A PHOTO.

AN INGOT OF GOLD READY FOR SHIPMENT.

portation to the smelter and railways to convey the various mixed ores for smelting purposes. Happily, the mines of the Slocan produce every variety, and it is probable that, within a few months, the Trail smelter will be turning out gold bricks instead of sending the matte long distances.

Readers must not imagine, by the foregoing details, that life in a mining camp is all "beer and skittles"; scores of chances have to be taken, scores of obstacles must be encountered and overcome. Clouds as well as sunshine exist; blows as well as caresses. Fortune is just as fickle on the mountains and in the gulches as in the more refined walks of life, be they commercial or professional; there is a bright and a dark side to the shield, and he who is not willing to think and to work might better remain at home. The writer has striven to present an unprejudiced

statement with reference to British Columbia, but more, he would impress upon the public men of Canada the fact that they, too, must assume responsibilities, not only for the construction of a southern line from what is called Crow's Nest Pass, but branches and feeders from points of supply. He would impress upon those who have capital the opportunities for utilizing it. There are some who would prefer seeing all the profit remain in British Columbia. Such policy would be penny wise and pound foolish. Outside capital built Denver and Butte and Tacoma and Seattle and scores of other mining cities, just as outside commercial capital assisted in the growth and prosperity of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, and other centres of business.

Then, again, some object to mining companies disposing of shares at low

figures. Why? The same argument regarding outside capital is applicable to these minor subscriptions; they assist development, while the investment, without jeopardizing the individual contributor's fortune, concentrates his attention upon enterprises of local consequence. Practical men are confident that the financial aid afforded by cheap share issues will result in important discoveries in the near future. Of course it is not presumed that men invest with closed eyes. If they do, then the chances are they will lose their money. Be that as it may, one thing should not be overlooked—national encouragement to those who are developing the Kootenay district. Our people should not be handicapped and then asked to compete with trained athletes. Naturally enough it reduces pluck to find foreign rivals securing the cream of the business, to hear of United States magnates meeting to discuss the advisability of erecting a smelter at Northport; to be forced to ship ores to Seattle and Tacoma, and to exchange the product for necessities of life purchased from dealers across the border!

It is plain that the practical immigration policy would be to prove that

Canada is able to progress without undue dependence upon the outer world. The Dominion has capital and capitalists; unfortunately, many who possess wealth close their purse-strings, imagine they have done enough in their time, and call on the younger element to show what is in them, by taking their chances. Age, after all, is of comparative signification. The bloom of youth never forsakes the man who is active, vigorous, and sympathetic towards his generation, and decrepitude only begins when mental and physical energies are permitted to lie dormant. A Gladstone at eighty-seven years of age is a standing reproach to the middle-aged individual who allows himself to drift into reminiscent currents, closes his counting-house, ties up his money-bags, and prepares to depart in peace. Let some of these think again, and, so thinking, emulate the example of the race whence they sprung. The Kootenay country requires men of capital, men of experience, men of probity and energy. The Dominion possesses them—if they will but come out of seclusion and unite in accomplishing something worthy of manhood

C. H. Mackintosh.

TWO LIVES.

ONE struggled up the rugged road of life
 With slow, unwilling feet, that longed for rest;
 The path he trod with cruel thorns was rife,
 And frowning clouds hung ever in the west;
 His sad eyes sought the Haven of Release
 That lay afar; "O, give me rest," he cried!
 But Death locked fast the golden gates of Peace,
 Nor turned the key until Life's eventide.

Another danced along the selfsame way,
 O'ershadowed by the sunshine's golden wing;
 Soft laughter kissed the throbbing lips of day,
 And he was happy as the birds of Spring.
 "Life," cried the youth, "Ah! clasp me to thine heart,
 Hold thou me close, and leave me not, I pray."
 But Death called him and flung the gates apart,
 Ere Noon had swept Morn's dewy steps away.

Lizzie English Dyas.

GOLD IS KING.*

A GENERAL REVIEW OF CANADIAN MINING.

GOLD is King! Such appears to be the dominant idea in the minds of Canadian people to-day, and through its influence we have the welcome sight of a people at last awakening to the knowledge that there is a possibility of acquiring riches from beneath the sod, from the miles upon miles of "barren" rocks so common throughout parts of our great country. We have been too long a race of money lenders, afraid to venture a cent unless another one is placed upon it.

I have known a man controlling a great financial institution such a poor political economist as to contend that more money is put into mines than ever comes out of them; therefore, forsooth, people should let their money lie at 1 or 2 per cent. interest in his bank! Surely every piece of metal taken from the earth is that much absolute gain to the community, even though it should send twice its value into circulation to obtain it. For example, the yield of gold in Nova Scotia is some \$400,000 a year, and this includes about 6 per cent. profit on the average; therefore some \$370,000 are put into circulation, and a creation of \$400,000 takes place each year from gold which, so far as the uses of mankind are concerned, never existed before.

Gold is not the only mineral in Canada, though some people appear to think so just now. Many persons would be surprised to know that during the past decade there is, perhaps, no mineral in the country which has yielded similar profits to the asbestos of the Eastern Townships.

The tone of my article up to this point might be taken to mean that I hail with delight the formation of the thousand and one mining companies to work gold mines in Ontario and British

Columbia. That is a somewhat different matter. Most of these companies have for their object the working of a mine, generally in the neighbourhood of some other mine, which is well known to be producing pay ore.

The majority of the people who invest believe that they are taking stock in a mine, and that within a short time they will be receiving dividends. I fear in most cases, however, they are supplying money to enable the owner of an undeveloped prospect to put a gang of men on to prospect and see if by chance there may be ore on the property, also to pay for advertising largely, to cover all expenses of vendor and broker, and perhaps to give both some cash for the property—the chief chance of profit to vendor and broker, however, generally lying in reserved blocks of stock, and therefore depending on something of value being haply struck. Sometimes the vendor will supply a report by a Mining Engineer, but for this class of property an engineer who will not make a good report is not wanted, and is left severely alone. A very little colouring, or elementary arithmetic, will make all the difference.

In the Old World, or in the United States, where mining has been carried on for years, no syndicate or company will dream of acquiring property and asking the public to invest money in it, without a confirmatory report made in their interest.

The point we come to after this digression is that the majority of people who are now investing in undeveloped locations, acquired by mining companies with a small amount of working capital, on the representations made by the vendor, or an engineer procured by him, will, in nearly all cases, lose their money. That will make them very sad, if not very angry. In the unreal-

*The illustrations are from photographs by the writer.



A PIONEER STAMP MILL, LAKE OF THE WOODS DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

sonableness of their feelings they will say: "All men are liars, and particularly those who have to do with mines," and they will all with one accord warn their friends never to put a cent in a mine if they do not want to lose it.

The way the "knowing ones" out west "size up" the situation in Toronto is that the shrewd Yankees of Spokane are unloading their "wild cats" on the innocent Agriculturists of Ontario.

I alluded to trouble arising from too small an amount of working capital. A prospecting and development company may very properly organise on a limited capital, that is to say, in comparison to the amount necessary to open up and equip a mine.

As an example of this fact I recall a conversation I had with an English mining engineer on our way down the Cariboo road in British Columbia. I was telling him that the original operations in the Lake of the Woods had been for the most part killed by the small capitalization of the operating companies. The first little difficulties met with exhausted their capital and

the whole district received a black eye. My friend observed that old firms with experience were rarely caught in this way. As a case in point, Mr. John Taylor, firm of John Taylor & Sons of London, of world-wide reputation, always insisted on sufficient working capital being provided on the start. He had done a good deal of work for the firm in different parts of the world, and in one case where he had been making an examination for them, Mr. Taylor asked him how much they should put down to open and equip the mine. My friend replied: "I suppose about £50,000."

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "that may be enough, but I like to avoid going back to the shareholders and throwing a wet blanket on the enterprise, so let us say £70,000." And £70,000 it was.

Every case, of course, is different, and the above is merely an example.

It will, however, suffice to illustrate the fact that it is doubtful whether we can yet raise money for a great many legitimate mining enterprises on a sound financial basis in Canada. What we can do is to form combinations for testing not one but many prospects, and if the combination is *well managed*, and the prospects *judiciously chosen*, some of them will turn out well enough to justify their purchase by mining companies with enough capital to develop them successfully. Private individuals have been doing this already.

The best rule that can be applied in this class of development work is to limit the expenditure on any one property to a fixed amount, depending on the capitalization of the company, thereby a known number of properties can be operated on and the shareholders will

know how many chances they are running of striking something good. As in any other business, the success will largely depend on the management and the judgment exercised in the choice of properties, but under ordinarily good management the chances, in our unprospected and undeveloped country, are greatly in favour of any such organization.

Let us for a few moments take a somewhat general view of the condition of mining to-day in Canada and the possibilities which exist for its expansion. Down by the "Sounding Sea," as politicians love to call it, at the very Land's End of Canada, splendidly conducted coal mining operations are carried on in Cape Breton Island. Beds of bituminous coal of immense area and high grade exist there, as well as inland in the Pictou and Springhill areas.

The gold areas of Nova Scotia have been worked for many years. The successful mining operations have been, as a rule, on rich small veins running with the formation in slate, or between beds of slate and quartzite, small mills crushing the ore, and the free gold only being saved. Now, however, larger low-grade veins are receiving attention and being worked to a greater depth than has been the custom in the past, and with bigger mills. Nova Scotia has been the only province in the Dominion producing any quantity of iron, for making which she has both the coke and the iron ore near each other.

The iron and steel producing capabilities of Canada can, however, never be properly developed until we make our own steel rails, which are at present supplied by England and the United States.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are also blessed with immense deposits of exceptional gypsum, which supplies most of Canada and a large portion of the eastern part of the United States, whither it is exported in the raw state.

In the Province of Quebec the copper and sulphuric acid operations are, perhaps, the most important at the present moment, though asbestos mining, also in the Eastern Townships, is still remunerative.

The production of chrom-iron ore in the same district promises to be important. Apatite or phosphate mining, once so flourishing, has been snuffed out for the time being by Florida.

Mica mining is still in its infancy. Iron is smelted by charcoal from bog iron ore in one medium and one small furnace. And gold exploration is said to be going on in the once productive alluvial workings of the Eastern Townships. This last-mentioned district is an example of conditions which have produced a certain amount of rich placer gold, but where the country slates (Cambrian) have never yet re-



A GIANT QUARTZ-VEIN, SEINE RIVER, RAINY RIVER DISTRICT, ONTARIO.



A GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ-VEIN, SEINE RIVER, RAINY RIVER DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

vealed a quartz vein which was high grade enough to work.

In Ontario, a quiet production of salt, petroleum, gypsum, and an intermittent output of iron in the eastern, and of silver in the western part of the Province, has been going on for years. Lately, the building of a well-equipped blast furnace at Hamilton has given fresh hope to the iron interests. The splendid results obtained by Mr. Caldwell from his operations at the Sultana mine, and the excellent prospects being opened up in the Lake of the Woods, Seine River, Wahnipitae and Marmora districts, all point to the fact that Ontario is likely to be an important gold-producing Province.

The Sudbury district is not turning out as much nickel and copper as it did some years ago, the Canada Copper Company being the only active producer. Much disappointment has been experienced that steel manufacturers have not yet, to any extent, availed themselves of the additional strength given to steel by nickel, and therefore its use is still limited, but the

high price of nickel, owing to expense of production, is probably the chief reason for the tardiness of the steel maker. There is an interesting similarity between the Sudbury nickel ore and the Rossland gold ore in physical character. If they were mixed, it would seem that they could not possibly be separated. Their occurrence is, however, somewhat different, though the country rock in both cases belongs to the greenstone type.

Passing west we find important beds of coal in the territories which attain the qualities of a very high grade Lignite at the

Galt mines, a bituminous coking coal at Bow River Mines, a semi-anthracite at Canmore, and a good anthracite at the place of that name near Banff.

To the north there are great areas of petroleum and salt.

In British Columbia, of recent years, the coal output of Vancouver Island has exceeded in value that of any other mineral. Large areas of high grade bituminous exist there at Nanaimo, Wellington and Comox. Inland, the Crow's Nest and Nicola Valley areas both produce coking bituminous coal.

In the early sixties gold was once before "the king." In 1863 about four millions of dollars' worth was produced in Cariboo, that district having yielded some \$60,000,000 up to the present, with plenty more left there. During the past season the Cariboo hydraulic mine has yielded some \$120,000 in bullion, and several other large placer schemes, on a modern basis of working, will ere long add to the general output. Gold is very widely distributed in the Province from Rossland, Camp McKinney and Fairview,

along the International boundary line, via Lillooet and Cariboo clear up to Cassiar and the Yukon.

The former place is at present the largest producer from its smelting ores, but profitable free milling operations are carried on in the West Kootenay, at the "Poorman," near Nelson, and at the "Cariboo" mine at Camp McKinney.

The development is not confined to the main shore, but Vancouver Island is producing gold and the Victorians are very hopeful.

Dredging the river beds for concentrated gold is a very attractive "proposition," but owing to large boulders and rapid current it has not been successful on the Fraser or the Quesnelle. Large schemes in this direction are still being undertaken, and the lessons to be derived from the successful New Zealand operations may be profited by and lead to paying dredging work in British Columbia.

Silver mining has been very profitable in some instances, especially in the Slocan. A permanent industry in this direction may confidently be expected, both from silver-lead ore and from silver-copper ore. Smelters have already been built, one of which has been running on the former class of ores at Pilot Bay, and another on the latter class at Nelson. There is a third smelter operating in the Province at Trail, on the copper-gold ores of the Rossland district.

Copper seems to be as abundant in British Columbia as in the adjacent State to the south (Montana). This State produces nearly half the copper

output of the United States, which for 1895 was \$38,682,347,—more than the whole combined metal and mineral production of the Dominion of Canada! The only mercury mine under the British flag is being operated at Savonas, on the Shushwap Lakes.

Lead is too abundant to be considered, and more or less of almost every mineral is found in the immense stretch of mountain ranges traversing British Columbia from the American boundary to the Arctic.



BULL PINE TREES IN THE BUNCH GRASS COUNTRY OF THE OKANAGAN, B.C.

Regarding the possibilities of the future, the United States produced metallic and non-metallic substances in 1895 of a value of \$622,230,723. Amongst these pig iron, chiefly the product of the east, was \$105,198,550, the ore coming from ranges that run in some instances into Ontario. The chief output of silver, \$72,051,000; gold, \$46,610,000; mercury, \$1,337,131, was in the west, and about two-thirds the production of copper, above mentioned, would also be from the continuation of those ranges, which



FREIGHTING UP THE CARIBOO ROAD, B.C.

continue directly through British Columbia, and where somewhat similar results may be expected as the result of exploration and the judicious investment of capital. A large proportion of the \$10,655,040 yield in lead is also from the west.

This is to say the same mountain ranges that run through British Columbia produce, in the United States, in about a similar extent of country, about \$150,000,000 per annum from silver, gold, copper, mercury and lead.

The last available report of the mineral output of Can-

ada (for 1895) gives the total production of metallic and non-metallic substances at \$22,500,000.

It does not require another statement to carry conviction to any ordinary minded person that a disparity exists which is by no manner of means justifiable—that there must be latent possibilities for mineral development from the Atlantic to the Pacific of which advantage has not been taken.

Whether from a lack of patriotic policy on the part of the government of the country, as in the case of steel rails, or a lack of interest and faith in



A VIEW DOWN IN A SHAFT. THE LIGHT-COLOURED ROCK IS THE GOLD-BEARING VEIN.

the possibilities of their country on the part of a land speculating and money lending people, the minerals of the Dominion of Canada have been neglected by Canadians. Up to the present the foreign investor has, as a rule, been deceived or disappointed by taking undeveloped prospects for mines. We should take a little of the risk ourselves, try the prospects, spend some money on them to see if they will justify their development into mines, and

when they are proved to such an extent that their worth is undoubted, and that it is only a question of capital to open up a mine and erect a plant, their sale will be justified, and disappointment and "black eyes" to the whole mineral prospects will not be so numerous as in the past. Therefore, Canadian development Companies, acting under the most conservative and experienced advice, can do good work for the future of the mineral production of Canada.

Wm. Hamilton Merritt.



OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.

TEACH us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
The words "Our Father" when we kneel to pray ;
Our Father Thou, then every child of Thine
Is, by the bond, a brother, Lord, of mine.

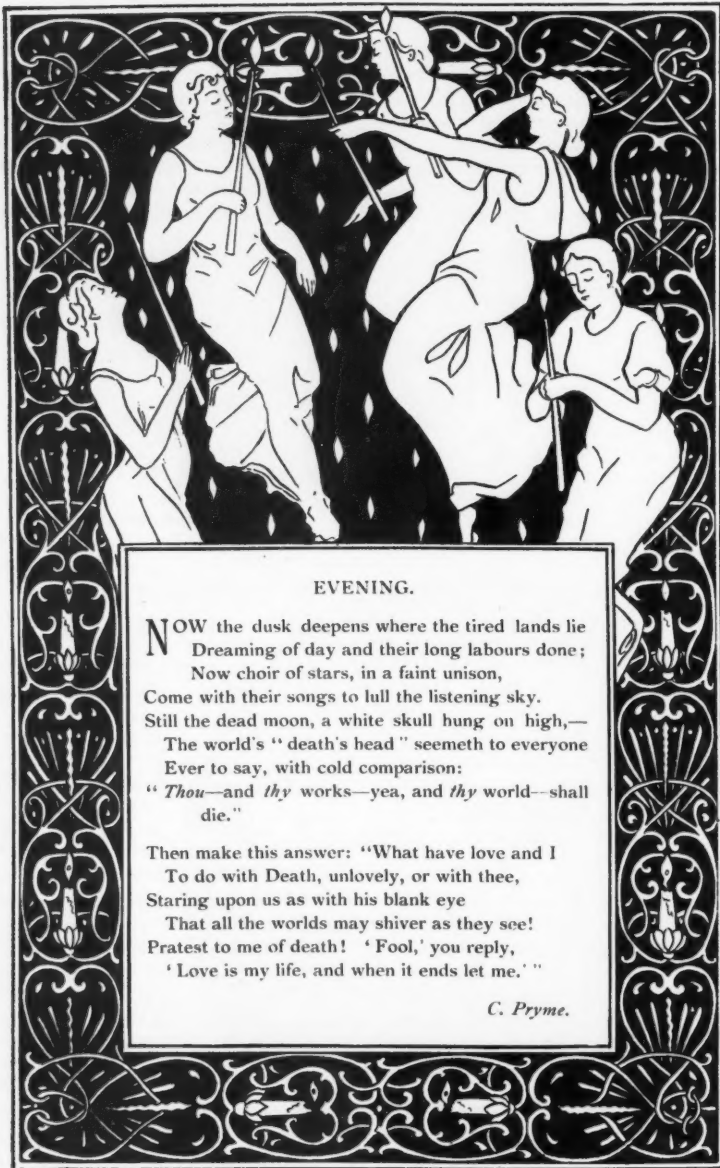
Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
"Thy will be done" when we do kneel and pray ;
Thy will be done, then our proud wills must break
And lose themselves in love for Thy dear sake.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
"Give us our daily bread" when we do pray ;
We will be trustful when we understand,
Nor grasp the loaf from out a brother's hand.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say,
"Forgive our trespasses" when we do pray ;
Forgive ! the word was coined in Paradise,
And this world's hope and trust within it lies.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
This prayer of Thine when kneeling day by day ;
For when we know—and live—its meaning deep,
No hearts will need to break, no eyes to weep.

Jean Blewett.



EVENING.

NOW the dusk deepens where the tired lands lie
 Dreaming of day and their long labours done;
 Now choir of stars, in a faint unison,
 Come with their songs to lull the listening sky.
 Still the dead moon, a white skull hung on high,—
 The world's "death's head" seemeth to everyone
 Ever to say, with cold comparison:
 "Thou—and *thy* works—yea, and *thy* world—shall
 die."

Then make this answer: "What have love and I
 To do with Death, unlovely, or with thee,
 Staring upon us as with his blank eye
 That all the worlds may shiver as they see!
 Pratest to me of death! 'Fool,' you reply,
 'Love is my life, and when it ends let me.'"

C. Pryme.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, K.C.M.G.

A Character Sketch.

EVERY land has its national honour roll, though differing widely as to who compose it. One country gives preference to heroes of the battlefield, or of the sea ; another emphasizes the names of its empire makers. Italy remembers her men of artistic and literary genius in monument and statue, in Pantheon and Santa Croce ; France, her illustrious men of letters ; Germany, her rulers and liberators. Great Britain has crowded Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's with memorials to her kings and queens, soldiers and sailors, nobles and statesmen, artists and poets.

With the advent of a more democratic age, especially in western lands, these rolls of honour contain chiefly the names of leaders of commercial and industrial enterprises. The industrial revolution of the century has evolved leaders who are justly honoured for what they have accomplished. The names of Bessemer and Faraday have been inscribed on the roll of the generation to which we belong. The name of George Stephenson has not yet been erased from memory. He who first navigated the Atlantic in a steam-propelled craft, he who conceived the Suez Canal, he who tunneled the St. Gothard, or built the Bell Rock lighthouse, or thought out the Forth Bridge, he who harnessed the mysterious forces of electricity, he who discovered an anæsthetic for pain—these are among the honoured ones of this age.

Canada has her Roll of Honour, with not a few worthy names thereon—men who have made an impress on the country by their achievements ; and if it is not essential, as it should not be, to await a man's death in order to award him his honestly won place in the esteem and regard of his fellow-men, then the name of Sir William C. Van Horne should be counted worthy

of honour. Some men's achievements mock them, as did those of Troilus, but a man who has stood by at the birth of a great trans-continental railway, who saw the first sod broken and who witnessed the last rail spiked, who passed through the years of storm and stress that intervened between these two events, with all they recall of tests of faith, temporary reverses and hills of difficulty, and who to-day can travel over 3,500 miles of railway under his controlling hand—such a man is stamped as great by his work, and such an accomplishment calls for recognition from all who admire definite and great results.

Sir William Van Horne has made his home in Montreal, where the head offices of his Company are located, and the occupant of the substantial stone mansion on Sherbrooke Street, surrounded by the art treasures and the home comforts that good fortune and good taste have enabled him to accumulate, must experience a well-earned pleasure in living over again the varied events of his fifty-three years of life, reaching back to his boyhood days in Illinois, when he occupied his first responsible position in life as a chain-bearer during the survey of the Central Pacific Railway. He no doubt remembers, too, his occasional visits to town—always an event in a lad's life—Joliet being the nearest centre of population, where he made many friendships, which still last. As a youth he mastered telegraphy, a knowledge of which he has always advised railway juniors to acquire. Then followed his rapid series of promotions, until the little Illinois lad became a Canadian railway magnate, with a comfortable salary and a title from the Queen. Sir William's Dutch ancestors played a not unimportant part in laying the foundations of Manhattan, and from them he

doubtless derived some of the sterling qualities that have enabled him to fulfil a remarkable career comparatively early in life. He is, however, but one of scores in the railway service of this continent who have risen from the ranks to positions of eminence. The general manager of the New York Central Railway was once a trainman; the president of the Lake Shore line served as chain-bearer to an engineer; and the president of the Union Pacific once pushed a truck on the Omaha platform.



FROM AN EARLY PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

After having mastered telegraphy, the future head of the Canadian Pacific was employed by the Illinois Central Railway, and by several other western lines in succession, through all the grades of railway officialdom up to the very highest. In 1882, the time and the task called for a man to take charge of the projected Canadian Pacific line, and luckily there was one to be had. At first Mr. Van Horne, for the "Sir William" had not then appeared, was appointed general manager; two years

later vice-president, and finally president, with unusually wide powers and privileges. Among the secrets of his success is the fact that he brought to the task of building the great steel highway a practical knowledge of almost every department of railway work, from the building of a bridge or the laying of a curve to the management of an extensive system. He is something of an engineer and draughtsman, and, as one has said, "knows every tie in the road. His knowledge

is simply encyclopediac. He can draw a sketch of a siding, a switch, a culvert, or any special portion of track at a moment's notice. With him an inspection of the line is not a perfunctory operation; he knows his business thoroughly."

When the celebrated British Columbia arbitration between the railway corporation and the Dominion Government, in reference to the construction of the line through the mountain passes, was heard, the investigation lasted off and on for four or five years, commencing in 1889. The arbitration counsel and witnesses spent many weeks at a time along the line of the road, often holding court at way stations or sidings. The President of the Company was naturally the chief witness, and, as such, was subject to the

most searching cross-examinations by the leading legal lights of the Dominion. Intellectual battles royal often resulted, in which Sir William usually held his own. During the most interesting of these inquiries the witness illustrated a dual mind by not only replying to the questions and following closely the trend of the investigation, but by sketching on a sheet of paper lying in front of him the chief characters forming the scene. On one occasion he made a sketch of the whole court, including an excellent

portrait of Chancellor Boyd. At another time Mr. B. B. Osler was surprised to find, at the conclusion of a long cross-examination, that his witness had produced a striking picture of the legal quizzer.

Let us now visit the home of Sir William, the Railway Knight. It is generally recognized that Montreal is our chief Canadian art centre, and its millionaires have brought to their palatial homes not a few Old World masterpieces. Those who are privileged to see within the walls of the Van Horne residence will speedily recognize in its owner one of Montreal's leading art connoisseurs. Besides being a museum, his home is a gallery of art. The walls of almost every apartment, from the reception-room to the attic studio, are covered with canvases, many of them bearing such world-known names as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Corot, Daubigny, Maas, Valasquez, Cuyt, Dore, Diaz, Delacroix, Ribot, George Innes, and many others of renown. A visitor's enjoyment of Sir William's pictures is enhanced by his own evident and justifiable pride in and love for them. As books to a book-lover are his canvases to the picture-lover; they are his friends, his choice companions.

The library—a cosy, inviting retreat—contains two of his rarest possessions, a small canvas by Velasquez (a full-length view of Christ on the cross), and a quaint old portrait of an old man with high, white ruff and broad black hat, from the brush of Franz Hals.

The walls of the billiard-room and dining-room hold a score or more of larger pictures, bearing the magical names of Constable and Reynolds; a

life-size portrait by, it is supposed, a pupil of Rembrandt, and other valuable productions. Some of the pictures in these fine apartments bear no name, but if you venture to charge your host with being their author, you may wring from him a deprecatory acknowledgment of the fact. The spacious halls and drawing-rooms are also utilized as galleries.

The second flight of steps leads to



FROM A LATE PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

the studio, another apartment well suited for its purpose, with easels and walls covered with complete or partially finished works. Here one finds that the railway president is an artist as well—practically a self-taught one. One of his pictures, which hangs in the billiard-room, is a rare gem—a Manitoba harvest-field with the gold on the grain brought into striking relief by a passing thunderstorm. Those

qualified to express the opinion assert that if Sir William had pursued art instead of railroading he would have made a high name as a painter. He rarely, if ever, sketches from nature, but paints from memory, and his studio shows a large amount of work in its initial stages.

The President of the Canadian Pacific is not only a lover and collector of good pictures, but an enthusiastic gatherer of other art treasures. As a result, therefore, his home is a veritable art museum, the collecting of whose contents must have cost a goodly sum. His cabinets (in themselves both rare and costly) are chiefly filled with Japanese ware—saku and tea cups and saucers in great variety, magnificent satsuma bowls, and vases, and rare bronzes. The Japanese of to-day have practically lost the art of producing their satsuma wares, the consequence being that such choice specimens as Sir William possesses are sufficiently rare to greatly enhance their value. His collection of Chinese pottery is no less interesting and valuable, and he is fond of placing them in contrast and comparing their points. On one shelf is placed a Chinese, an American and an English vase, showing at a glance the superior workmanship of the first, and the inferior imitation of the last two.

His private collection of both Japanese and Chinese pottery is beyond question the finest in Canada, if not in America. He has many influential friends in both these countries, who, no doubt, assist him in securing choice prizes from time to time. In addition, he has an extensive assortment of old Japanese arrows and spear-heads and sword-hilts, remnants of old-time war methods. Quaint old models of ships hang suspended from the ceilings and add variety to the contents of this princely museum.

The pottery, or "old china craze" as the Philistine would call it, has seized on many notable men. It raged with much fury with Mr. Gladstone. Just as he was often deep in politics or in theology, just as earnestly has he

been deep in china until he had filled many cabinets with precious specimens. One of his vacations was devoted to the study of Sèvres, Dresden and Dutch ware. It was while he was in the midst of his researches that a political colleague, visiting his chief, in an unlucky moment mentioned home politics. Then, it is said, the eagle eye flashed fire, and the Grand Old China Collector burst forth: "For heaven's sake, leave politics alone here!"—the beauty of the Sèvres vase for the moment swelling larger than the British ship of State. In the same manner, I imagine, it would be dangerous, while our Canadian collector is fondly exhibiting a saku cup or a costly ceramic specimen, to suddenly exclaim: "By the way, what about the complaint as to the high freight rates in the Northwest?" He, too, would reply, at such a critical moment: "For goodness' sake leave the C.P.R. alone, at least while I have this saku cup in my hand. Don't you know it is the only one of its kind in existence, and that it cannot be duplicated?" The only difficulty about this surmise is that of ever imagining the president of our across-continent highway demanding, under any conceivable circumstance, that it should not be referred to, for it is in truth the apple of his eye and the source of many of his pleasant dreams.

Sir William's other tastes have by no means crowded out the library. In this department one soon perceives his wide range of reading. There is no surprise at seeing richly-bound and expensive art books, nor a goodly collection of works pertaining to railways, but lying on the table were such widely-divergent books as Dr. Parkin's Canada and a book of chafing dish recipes (for its owner has the reputation of knowing how to cook).

The interior of the house is finished in Canadian woods, and it is a striking evidence of the rich effects that may be secured by their use. The dining-room is finished in British Columbia woods, coloured to resemble rich mahogany.

Sir William is a firm believer in the Young Man. Possibly he may not object to still be classed as one himself. This belief on his part explains the well-known fact that the C.P.R. is, in the main, manned by young men. He is a strict disciplinarian and demands the best service his staff can give him, and the army of employees have always given a hearty loyalty to the president, for they are proud of their executive head and proud of what he has accomplished. Comparatively few strikes have occurred on the line, and, so far as the public can judge, there is the best of feeling between the president and his subordinates. He is, or has been, no exception to the rule of hard work which he has required from his staff. During the constructive period, five or six in the morning found him ready for a long day's work. His correspondence would be cleared off early in the forenoon, and the afternoon was thus free for other duties. Midnight was his retiring hour—an example of long-sustained effort, perhaps, not to be generally recommended. Now that the line is successfully running, its head takes life more easily, and has wisely relegated many details to his competent officials. When questioned as to his future plans, Sir William falls back on an old habit that has always stood him in good stead—a sudden deafness that prevents him from hearing the prying query; but one is at liberty to prophecy that he will now carry out some long-cherished plans of travel with special reference to studying foreign art. He has not travelled very extensively. Only once, I believe, has he visited Europe, and he has never yet used one of his own round-the-world tickets *via* the Pacific and the East.

Two features stand out prominently in Sir William Van Horne's personality: his force of character and his self-control. He carries men with him, he

leads them without their always knowing it; and he is not long one of a group of men without exhibiting this trait. It stood out more clearly, perhaps, in the dark days of the road, when only those who were at the helm knew of the rocks in the channel—the financial fogs, the engineering difficulties; but the young manager, by his optimism and pluck, cheered the men who had their fortunes at stake to success and further fortune.

His self-control has been shown in many a situation of danger, sometimes when the wires carried bad news, as when a landslide on the north shore of Lake Superior carried away a portion of track and a valuable lot of steel rails. The message was handed to him at his desk, but a mere lifting of the eyebrows and a low-toned exclamation was all that told of a loss of many thousands of dollars. On another occasion, when a friend was in jeopardy in a small sail-boat in a squall, the subject of my sketch only betrayed his intense anxiety by pacing the pier and smoking his cigar furiously.

He is at times the essence of terseness, as when a caller, noticing a drawing of a cantilever bridge on his desk, asked: "What is the limit of the chasm you can bridge by this engineering method?" the laconic reply was, "Money!" and money, backed by brains, has certainly been a miracle-worker on the C.P.R.

Sir William's holidays are frequently enjoyed at his retreat at St. Andrew's, where he is monarch of a goodly domain, and the rustic Van Horne cottage is seen in some of the canvases of the artist-president. While a hard worker when on duty, he is a thorough believer in enjoying the good things of life both in nature and art, in the home and "on the road"—a philosophy not belied by his own appearance.

Frank Yeigh.



MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

III.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN the scheme of this series, as originally announced, Thackeray's work should have formed the subject of the third article. But on reflection I have decided that, considering my present purpose, it would be little more than a useless self-indulgence to do what I at first intended. There is no sort of dispute about Thackeray. There is no need for any revision of the general opinion concerning him. It would be to me, personally, a delightful thing to write such an appreciation as I had in mind, but this is not the place for it.

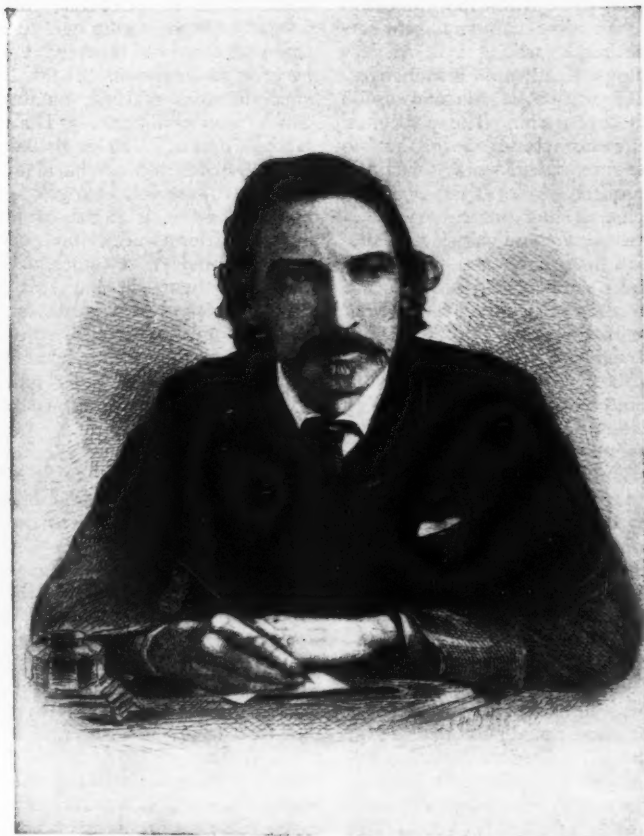
Let us pass, then, at once to the consideration of the incomplete and arrested labours of the charming and accomplished workman whose loss all lovers of English literature are still lamenting.

I have special and private reasons for thinking warmly of Robert Louis Stevenson, the man; and these reasons seem to give me some added warrant for an attempt to do justice to Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer. With the solitary exception of the unfortunate cancelled letters from Samoa, which were written whilst he was in ill-health, and suffered a complete momentary eclipse of style, he has scarcely published a line which may not afford the most captious reader pleasure. With that sole exception he was always an artist in his work, and always showed himself alive to the finger-tips. He was in constant conscious search of felicities in expression, and his taste was exquisitely just. His discernment in the use of words kept equal pace with his invention—he knew at once how to be fastidious and daring. It is to be doubted if *any* writer has laboured with more constancy to enrich and harden the texture of his style, and at

the last a page of his was like cloth of gold for purity and solidity.

This is the praise which the future critics of English literature will award him. But in this age of critical hysteria it is not enough to yield a man the palm for his own qualities. With regard to Stevenson our professional guides have gone fairly demented, and it is worth while to make an effort to give him the place he has honestly earned before the inevitable reaction sets in, and unmerited laudations have brought about an unmerited neglect. His life was arduous. His meagre physical means and his fervent spirit were pathetically ill-mated. It was impossible to survey his career without a sympathy which trembled from admiration to pity. Certain, in spite of all precaution, to die young, and in the face of that stern fact genially and unconquerably brave, he extorted love. Let the whole virtue of this truth be acknowledged, and let it stand in excuse for praises which have been carried beyond the limits of absurdity. It is hard to exercise a sober judgment where the emotions are brought strongly into play. The inevitable tragedy of Stevenson's fate, the unescapable assurance that he would not live to do all which such a spirit in a sounder frame would have done for an art he loved so fondly, the magnetism of his friendship, his downright incapacity for envy, his genuine humility with regard to his own work and reputation, his unboastful and untiring courage, made a profound impression upon many of his contemporaries. It is, perhaps, small wonder if critical opinion were in part moulded by such influences as these. Errors of judgment thus induced are easily condoned. They are, at least, a million times more respectable than the mendacities of the pub-

*Copyright, 1897, by the National Press Agency, Ltd. To be completed in Thirteen Parts.



FROM AN ETCHING BY S. HOLLYER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

lisher's tout, or the mutual ecstasies of the rollers of logs and the grinders of axes.

The curious ease with which, nowadays, every puny whipster gets the sword of Sir Walter has already been remarked. If any Tom o' Bedlam chooses to tell the world that all the new Scottish novelists are Sir Walter's masters, what does it matter to anybody? It is shamelessly silly and impertinent, of course, and it brings newspaper criticism into contempt; but there is an end of it. If the writers who are thus made ridiculous choose to pluck the straws out of their critics' hair and

stick them in their own, they are poorer creatures than I take them for. The thing makes us laugh, or makes us mourn, just as it happens to hit our humour; but it really matters very little. It establishes one of two things—the critic is hopelessly incapable or hopelessly dishonest. The dilemma is absolute. The peccant gentleman may choose his horn, and no honest and capable reader cares one copper which he takes.

But with regard to Stevenson the case is very different. Stevenson has made a bid for lasting fame. He is formally entered in the list of starters

for the great prize of literary immortality. No man alive can say with certainty whether he will get it. Every forced eulogy handicaps his chances. Every exaggeration of his merits will tend to obscure them. The pendulum of taste is remorseless. Swing it too far on one side, it will swing itself too far on the other.

In his case it has unfortunately become a critical fashion to set him side by side with the greatest master of narrative fiction the world has ever seen. In the interests of a true artist, whom this abuse of praise will greatly injure if it be persisted in, it will be well to endeavour soberly and quietly to measure the man, and to arrive at some approximate estimate of his stature.

It may be assumed that the least conscientious and instructed of our professional guides has read something of the history of Sir Walter Scott, and is, if dimly, aware of the effect he produced in the realm of literature in his lifetime. Sir Walter (who is surpassed or equalled by six writers of our own day, in the judgment of those astounding gentlemen who periodically tell us what we ought to think) was the founder of three great schools. He founded the school of romantic mediæval poetry; he founded the school of antiquarian romance; and he founded the school of Scottish-character romance. He did odds and ends of literary work, such as the compilation and annotation of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and the notes to the poems and the Waverley Series. These were sparks from his great stithy, but a man of industry and talent might have shown them proudly as a lifetime's labour. The great men in literature are the epoch makers, and Sir Walter is the only man in the literary history of the world who was an epoch maker in more than one direction. It is the fashion to-day to decry Sir Walter as a poet. There are critics who, setting a high value on the verse of Wordsworth or of Browning, for example, cannot concede the name of poetry to any modern work which is not subtle, profound, metaphysical, or analytical. But as a

mere narrative poet few men whose judgment is of value will deny Scott the next place to Homer. As a poet he created an epoch. It filled no great space in point of time, but we owe to Sir Walter's impetus "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "The Bride of Abydos." In his second character of antiquarian romancist, he awoke the elder Dumas, and such a host of imitators, big and little, as no writer ever had at his heels before or since. When he turned to Scottish character he made Galt, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and Dr. George Macdonald, and all the modern gentlemen who, gleaning modesty in the vast field he found, and broke, and sowed, and reaped, are now his rivals.

Do the writers who claim to guide our opinions read Scott at all? Do they know the scene of the hidden and revealed forces in the Trossach glen—the carriage of the Fiery Cross—the sentence on the erring nun—the last fight of her betrayer? Do they know the story of Jeannie Deans? But it is useless to ask these questions or to multiply these instances. Scott is placed. Master of laughter, master of tears, giant of swiftness and terror, crowned king, without one all-round rival.

One of those astonishing and yet natural things which sometimes startle us is the value some minds attach to mere modernity in art. An old thing is tossed up in a new way, and there are those who set more value on the way than the thing, and are instantly agape with admiration at originality. But originality and modishness are different things. People who have a right to guide public opinion discern the difference.

The absurd and damaging comparison between Scott and Stevenson has been gravely offered by the latter's friends. They are doing a beautiful artist a serious injustice. You could place Stevenson's ravishing assortment of cameos in any chamber of Scott's feudal castle. It is an intaglio beside a cathedral, a humming-bird beside an eagle. It is anything exquisite beside anything nobly huge.

Let any man who may be strongly of opinion that I am mistaken conceive Scott and Stevenson living in the same age, and working in complete ignorance of each other. Scott would still have set the world on fire. Stevenson, with his deft, swift, adaptive spirit, and his not easily over-praised perfection in his craft, would have still done something; but he would have missed his loftiest inspiration; his style would have been far other than it is.

As a bit of pure literary enjoyment, there are not many things better than to turn from Stevenson's more recent pages to Scott's letters in Lockhart's "Life," and to see where the modern found the staple of his best and latest style.

The comparison which has been urged so often will not stand a moment's examination. Stevenson is not a great creative artist. He is not an epoch maker. He cannot be set shoulder to shoulder with any of the giants. It is no defect in him which prompts this protest. Except in the sense in which his example of purity, delicacy and finish in verbal work will inspire other artists, Stevenson will have no imitators, as original men always have. He has "done delicious things," but he has done nothing new. He has, with astonishing labour and felicity, built a composite style out of the style of every good writer of English. Even in a single page he sometimes reflected many manners. He is the embodiment of the literary as distinguished from the originating intellect. His method is almost perfect, but it is devoid of personality. He says countless things which are the very echo of Sir Walter's epistolary manner. He says things like Lamb, and sometimes they are as good as the original could have made them. He says things like Defoe, like Montaigne, like Rochefoucauld. His bouquet is culled in every garden, and set in leaves which have grown in all forests of literature. He is deft, apt, sprightly, and always sincerely a man. He is just and brave, and essentially a gentleman. He has the right imitative

romance, and he can so blend Defoe and Dickens with a something of himself which is almost, but not quite, creative that he can present you with a blind old Pugh or a John Silver. He is a *litterateur* born—and made. A verbal invention is meat and drink to him. There are places where you see him actively in pursuit of one, as when Markheim stops the clock "with an interjected finger," or when John Silver's half-shut, cunning, and cruel eye sparkles "like a crumb of glass." Stevenson has run across the Channel for that crumb, and it is worth the journey.

Stevenson certainly had that share of genius which belongs to the man who can take infinite pains. Add to this a beautiful personal character, and an almost perfect receptivity. Add again the power of sympathetic realization in a purely literary sense, and you have the man. Let me make my last addition clear. It is a common habit of his to think as his literary favourites would have thought. He could think like Lamb. He could think like Defoe. He could even fuse two minds in this way, and make it, as it were, a composite mind for himself to think with. His intellect was of a very rare and delicate sort, and whilst he was essentially a reproducer, he was in no sense an imitator, or even for a single second a plagiarist. He had an alembic of his own which made old things new. His best possession was that very real sense of proportion which was at the root of all his humour. "Why doesn't God explain these things to a gentleman like me?" There a profound habitual reverence of mind suddenly encounters with a ludicrous perception of his own momentary self-importance. The two electric opposites meet, and emit that flash of summer lightning.

Stevenson gave rare honour to his work, and the artist who shows his self-respect in that best of ways will always be respected by the world. He has fairly won our affection and esteem, and we give them ungrudgingly. In seeming to belittle him I have taken an ungrateful piece of work in hand. But

in the long run a moderately just estimate of a good man's work is of more service to his reputation than a strained laudation can be. It is not the critics, and it is not I, who will finally measure his proportions. He seems to me to stand well in the middle of the middle rank of accepted writers. He will not live as an inventor, for he has not invented. He will not live as one of those who have opened new fields of thought. He will not live amongst those who have explored the heights and the deeps of the spirit of man. He may live—"the stupid and ignorant pig of a public" will settle the question—as a writer in whose works stand revealed a lovable, sincere and brave

soul and an unsleeping vigilance of artistic effort.

The most beautiful thing he has done—to my mind—is his epitaph. There are but eight lines of it, but I know nothing finer in its way:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Lay me down and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will !
This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the Sailor, home from sea,
And the Hunter home from the hill."

Sleep there, bright heart! In your waking hours you would have laughed at the exaggerated praises which do you such poor service now!

(To be continued.)

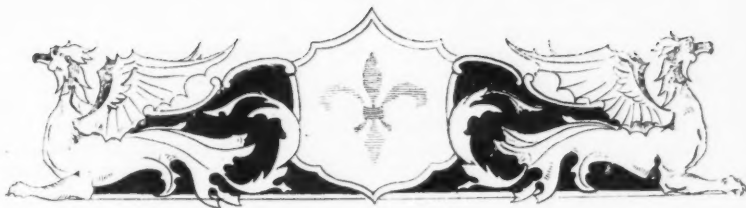


BURNS.

THE blue skies palled on me ; the rolling sea,
So pleasurable when I viewed it first,
Now wearisomely rose and fell. A thirst
For novelty and friendship grew in me ;
I paced the heaving deck impatiently.
Then like a breath blown from a mellow clime,
In cadenced numbers and in frequent rhyme,—
The British tongue come to maturity,—
I heard a Scottish maiden speak. Of Burns
I sadly, sweetly mused ; mankind discerns
Its faults and virtues in his gen'rous soul.
O, Scotland, land of rills and heathery braes !
In him, while men shall pass and years shall roll,
Thy fame is safe, for thee in him we praise.

New York.

John Stuart Thomson.



DOES MISTRUST GIVE STRENGTH TO AUTHORITY ?

A Criticism of Republicanism.

BEGINNING with the English writer, Hobbes, of the 16th century, who turned to the reverse side of the mantle of Empedocles, it is with him virtuously considered that war, the result of human distrust, is the condition of man in a state of nature. He, as the most gifted author who regards underground suspicion as the basis of national organization, begins after this manner:

The natural condition of man is to desire. He is born with a faculty of attempting to satisfy his desires, and proceeds to the task, each according to his own idea.

Material by which to live, having been gained, must be protected from others in search of the same. He who has not makes an assault on him who has, to get what he wants. He who has takes arms into his hands to defend his goods. Thus war is declared immediately when men meet in a state of nature.

Alliances were first made for plunder, then for protection. It is within the bosom of such alliances that ordinances were first instituted to guarantee to each member protection of goods from every other member. Physical power was conferred on some commander to enforce these ordinances.

Whatever may be brought to bear on the position of the commander influences the administration of these ordinances. In proportion as his position is independent his administration is more difficult to influence. If his

period of control is limited by a term of years, those who have the means of adding to this term have the loudest voice in the administration, until, continued in this manner, a weak and periodically formed government becomes anarchic in its tendencies, and is entirely managed by faction. It must be acknowledged, then, that the ordinances being first formed to protect the citizens against each other's avarice and iniquity represent the dominance of Force to keep them straight. All the while there are bodies of men expecting to be benefited by the perversion of a just administration, and who are continually trying to persuade the administering power to act with them. It is Fraud conniving to reduce Force to his own behests.

So soon as government loses its independent authority and is limited by the connivance of faction or majorities, then does fraud begin to manifest itself by using the primary ordinances for a one party purpose. Actual violence gives place to class legislation. A man is no longer knocked on the head and deprived of his goods, but is robbed by being in the minority, by the exaction of a majority in power. If he is poor, the rich man or corporation electing a judge beats him in the courts and turns the law inside out by interpretations, based on fallacies, for the sake of the most influential party in politics. Politics, with a weak government, is then the power in the name of Fraud

that controls the elections in the State. It is only when the government is strong, the rulership determined and independent of the people, that an unbiased judgment and administration can be rendered. Those who then dispute this imperial authority do so at their peril. At the same time, the imperial authority holds its own in maintenance of the original statutes, which prohibit the citizens plundering each other either by fraud or force. This maintenance is done by force.

Force is elevated as a barrier against Fraud after the original compact of social cohesion has been settled. Overthrow this force in the government or make it subservient to faction: take away its imperial authority and Fraud is at once triumphant.

These two deities are mutually exclusive. One or the other must rule. The battle is between them alone. When Force commands, Fraud flies away; and Fraud is tolerated in power only when Force cannot drive it out.

An imperious and successful commander relies on the complete subordination and discipline of those beneath him. He enforces obedience by the law. The virtues spring up—for loyalty is by him rewarded, treachery is punished as a crime. Honesty and ability in his service are recognized; dishonesty is severely condemned with horrid cruelty, and to be unable is almost criminal. The cowardly fear to be fraudulent. Those who attempt it die the death. Those who are ambitious for honourable distinction know there is but one road to it, and the means of attainment are in loyal service, bravely and ably performed.

Thus, according to Hobbes, from the well-ordered premises of his memory, founded on historic facts, and in belief in the underground savagery of human nature, despotism is the purest government, the one best calculated for the welfare of the people. Force, then, keeps Fraud at bay.

The statutes of the realm being framed to keep the people in obedience and from plundering and distressing each other, if these things happen col-

lectively by faction, or individually by influence at the court, the imperial authority is broken; the despotism insulted in its stronghold yields to the disentergrading influence until it, decentralized, discoördinated, is lost finally in the convulsions of anarchic democracy.

It is the consolidation of power in the hands of an independent ruler that prevents the exhibition of abnormal instincts in the community.

"There was a time," says Cicero, "when men wandered in the fields like brutes, feeding on prey like wild beasts; when the blind, unrestrained passions ruled tyrannically in the midst of error and ignorance."

"When men first began to crawl," says Horace (*Satir. lib. L. Sat. 3*), "they were only like a herd of brutes and speechless animals, contending with their nails or their fists for a few acorns or a den. They afterwards contended with sticks and such arms as experience taught them to invent. At length they discovered the use of swords to express their thoughts. Gradually they became weary of fighting, and built cities and made laws to prevent theft, robbery and adultery. If you consult the origin of things you will acknowledge that laws have been made in apprehension of injustice."

The majority of mankind is wicked. Although the single ruler also may be wicked, yet he is responsible. A majority whose members constantly are shifting is not responsible; the responsibility can not be laid definitely to any particular group. Therefore, allowing that the single ruler is equally as wicked as a majority, he is checked by the direct responsibility of his acts. The majority is unchecked, unrestrained.

Perhaps the most illustrious precepts which have been prompted by this sentiment of universal suspicion are presented by Machiavelli in his "*Instruction to the Prince*": "A private individual may attain sovereignty by the favour of his fellow-citizens and without violence or treason. This is called a civil principality, and is not to be acquired either by merit or

fortune alone, but by a lucky sort of craft."

"A struggle between the rich and poor must always end in establishing either a principality, or a free government, or in downright licentiousness."

"Men are more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to one who merely strives to make himself beloved. Such a character will be useful to him by keeping his troops in obedience and by preventing every species of faction."

"A prudent prince cannot, and ought not, keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the government still exist. I would be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were *good*. But the *generality of men are wicked*, and ever ready to break their words."

"The Prince" for whom these instructions were honestly meant for sound advice was the celebrated Lorenzo di Medici of Florence, who lived in the 15th century. Machiavelli counsels the prince to choose *good, faithful and able ministers*; to cherish them as rare gems *unexpectedly* found in the midst of a multitude of cheap and fraudulent imitation.

The formation of the government of the United States was on a line with Hobbes. In the formula of 1787: "Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty in order to preserve the rest." In the Virginia convention of 1788, Mr. Madison said: "On a candid examination of history we shall find that turbulence, violence and abuse of power by the majority tramping on the rights of the minority, have produced faction and commotion, which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause produced despotism. If we go over the whole history of ancient and modern republics we shall find their destruction to have generally resulted from these causes."

In the *Federalist*, No. X., it is written: "When a majority is included in a faction the form of popular government enables it to sacrifice to its ruling

passion, or interest, both the public good and the rights of other citizens."

In Elliott's Debates, Vol. VIII., p. 109, Mr. Madison is accredited with the following: "Perhaps it will appear that the only possible remedy for these evils and means of protecting the principles of republicanism will be found in the very system which is now exclaimed against as the parent of despotism."

"The majority in the United States," says de Tocqueville, "exercises a prodigious actual authority, and a moral influence which is scarcely less preponderant. No obstacle exists which can impede or so much as retard its progress, or which can induce it to heed the complaints of those whom it crushes on its path."

In the Constitutional convention of 1787, George Mason of Virginia said: "I go on a principle often advocated, and in which I concur, that a majority, when interested, will oppress a minority." Mr. Grayson of Virginia, of the same convention, added: "We ought to be wise enough to guard against the abuse of such a government. Republics, in fact, oppress more than monarchies."

Jefferson set himself to work, being influenced by an underground suspicion of the integrity of human nature, to devise "checks," "constitutional checks" to factions, demagogues and intrigues in the republic. But anything beyond the strong arm of the responsible imperator has ever been found valueless. Even that has failed at times, when in the imperator's government there has been permitted a liberty to fraud, which had previously weakened the power of the imperator, and crushed him afterwards beneath the responsibility.

There is really no example in history of a government upheld entirely by the suspicion of its members. In Russia, a type of the despotism, a great number of the people call the Czar their "Great Father." They believe that what God and the Czar ordain is for their good, future if not present. They believe that any irregularity or hard-

ship is due, not to the fault of the Czar, but to the wickedness and cruelty of his officers, and if the great father only knew of these bad doings he would correct them with vigorous authority.

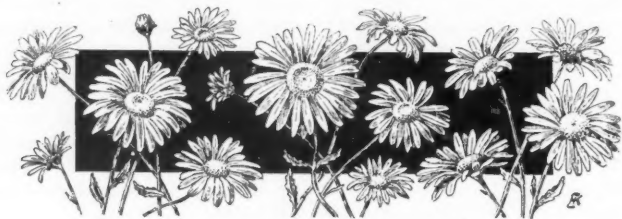
It is the same in Turkey, where the Sultan, in the eyes of the faithful, is the official representative of Mahomet. Indeed, in all governments of regal description it is said: "The king can do no wrong."

In history the form of government which approaches nearest to this theory of suspicion is the republican, wherein unchained ambition and unrestrained appetite prompt their possessors to think the most evil of their fellows, and to be constantly on guard against the pretensions of rivalry. But even here the abstract sovereignty of State furn-

ishes a theme for patriotism, for those who are young and inexperienced. After experience and knowledge of the manner of living under such a form became universal there grows up a contempt for that patriotism, which is founded on a substance so shadowy as an abstract sovereignty. The age then craves a real sovereign—one who can with vigour repress demagogues and prop himself with men of merit. The recommendation for a sovereign such as this is for the imperious upholding of the law. If this craving is not listened to in those who feel the natural want, the State goes on disintegrating through the growth of suspicion in its members, until anarchy finally ends in the total destruction of the civil community.

De Fronsac.

BOSTON, MASS.



GLOOSCAP.

DIM name, yet grand, that ever winks serene
In the red fagot's light, and like a ghost
Hovers above these rancous tides, this coast,
Wreathing weird webs of arrowy salts and keen !
Under the black blue night's unrolled screen
The loon is calling to the fiery host,
And yet no answer comes to keep thy boast,—
For years their mellow thunders roll between.

Divinest of the red man's race and name,
Fulness of Hiawatha's dawning day,
Giver of laws, priest, prophet, all confest !
Thou'lt come again, appeased thy wrath and shame,
Thy speed in all thy limbs, up yonder Bay
On white canoe from out the naked west.

Minas Basin.

Theodore H. Rand.

IS THERE A LIMIT TO DEMOCRACY ?

A Study in American Politics.

THE recent crisis through which the United States people have passed is a subject well worthy the attention of all thinking Canadians. This last chapter in the history of democracy should stimulate thoughtful men, who have the interests of free institutions and sound government at heart, to examine carefully the phenomena revealed in the campaign which culminated on the 3rd of November last. To Canadians it should be instructive, as similar phenomena may ere long present themselves for the consideration of Canadian statesmen.

In watching the progress of democracy, the Canadian people are favourably situated, for their political status brings them into close touch with the United Kingdom—the mother country—on the one hand, while their geographical position is one of immediate contact with the United States—one-time sister colonies—on the other.

Canada may therefore be said to occupy a high vantage ground from which to observe the phenomena of nineteenth century democracy in the two great centres of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Some time ago, while listening to a lecture by a prominent Englishman, these words attracted my attention: "We in England have been thinking for some time whether there is not a limit to democracy." This remark impressed me at the time, and that impression has been deepened by the events of the recent campaign, and the lessons which they teach.

I.

Like so many words in popular use, the term "democracy" signifies something quite different from the hazy and indefinite meanings given to it by the ever-increasing host of ultra-radicals,

and something far enough removed from the ideas of socialism and nihilism which, in its name, are promulgated among the masses by demagogues and factious agitators. Democracy is a principle which has been disclosing its true nature through many ages, and almost countless mutations of time and circumstance. As a principle, it has been said to entitle each citizen, in common with every other, to an equal interest in the State. Many of the so-called evils of democracy are not those which inhere in the principle itself, but are due to the attempt to apply it to a society essentially unfitted for popular institutions—whether through insufficient development, as in the case of India, or the ignorant and irresponsible character of the commonality, as in many other communities.

The principle, as such, must therefore be carefully distinguished from the governmental machinery devised at various times, and by various peoples, to carry the principle into effect.

Democracy presupposes certain conditions for its successful application, and among these are right reason, education, independence, honesty, sincerity, general integrity of character and citizenly qualities in every individual upon whom its powers and privileges are conferred. If the citizen has not faith in the integrity of his fellow-citizens, and if they be not such as to inspire and justify that faith, you will look in vain for a successful democracy under those conditions.

Again, the principle is said to confer upon all, and to recognize as the rights of all, "liberty" and "equality." These words, too, have been tortured into impossible meanings and, strange as it may seem, assertions are not wanting of the belief that, roughly speaking, "one man is as good as an-

other." All men are not born equal ; nature has not endowed men equally ; and history is ever repeating the story of the greatness and the littleness of its personages—the inequality of men.

But though men are wont to use these terms—liberty and equality—with glibness of tongue, they are strangely reticent when called upon to define what they mean by these words, and when they attempt it they usually find they do not know. The attempt, however, develops this fact, that these words cannot be taken in their full extension—they must be restricted. It has been wisely said that the "liberty" which the true Democrat desires is the liberty to do right, and the "equality" which he claims is the equality of opportunity.

Nor is democracy revolution, as the radical imagines. It is but "the level of every-day habit, the level of good national experiences, and lies far below the elevations of ecstasy to which the revolutionist climbs."⁽¹⁾ Perhaps no better illustration of this fact can be found than in the contrast between the healthful and gradual growth of the principle in English government and the unnatural, abrupt, and spasmodic attempts to establish it by revolution, which constitute so large a chapter in the history of modern France.

At the outset let it not be supposed that the American Constitution is "a type of an experiment in advanced democracy," for, so far from being that, it is very evident from the writings of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison⁽²⁾ and other prominent thinkers of their time, that it was "simply the adaptation of English constitutional government"⁽³⁾ to the conditions of the new republic by men who so far distrusted the competency of the people—the community—as to expect, from this quarter, a danger requiring a constitutional safeguard. Against this danger they did attempt to provide by introducing into the constitution that mysterious body known as the "College of Electors,"

the ostensible intention being to secure a body whose members should be characterized by superior judgment and intelligence, in order that through them greater wisdom might be ensured in the choice of the nation's chief magistrate—the President. The process by which the College of Electors has degenerated to a mere body of delegates, subject to the instructions of their constituents, which they carry out mechanically and without the slightest exercise of independent judgment, is an interesting feature in the history of democracy as developed under the American Constitution.

Democracy, then, in the United States has been a growth. That it has been a rapid one is due to a variety of causes—the wonderful energy and progressive spirit of the people, the absence of an aristocracy, a great industrial prosperity and a more general and equal dissemination of wealth ; while the mental attitude of the people has been powerfully influenced for democracy by the brilliant generalizations of Jefferson's philosophy of "life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness," the rights of the people, and other abstractions pervading the Declaration of Independence and his other writings, and by the ceaseless iteration of this theme in varying keys by the Henrys, Clays, and Websters during the age of oratory in the Republic. These extravagancies may well be excused when we remember that they proceeded from the enthusiasm of a youthful nation, and the intensity of that sovereign-worship which arose when the "Divine right of King George III." had been supplanted by the "Divine right of King Demos"—the sovereign people. All the influences at work pointed with unerring aim to democracy as the Utopia of their political future.

The democracy of the United States is not the creature of the constitution builders ; nor is it the creature of revolution, as that resulting from the French Revolution, which Burke so aptly described as a "deviation from the high-road of nature." It is an orderly and gradual evolution in obedience to the

(1) Woodrow Wilson, *An old Master and other Essays*.

(2) *The Federalist*.

(3) Woodrow Wilson, *An old Master and other Essays*.

laws of progress and the march of thought.

II.

I have attempted to point out roughly the elements or characteristics of society essential to the successful operation of popular government. Whether the principle of democracy has not in many cases been pushed too far; whether in other cases the character of the electorate has not deteriorated—relapsed into a former ignorance—are the questions to which attention is invited.

Since the people are to be sovereign, democracy requires of them the possession and exercise of sovereignly qualities and a sense of public order. Democracy, "far from being a crude form of government, therefore . . . is possible only in the peoples of the highest and steadiest political habit." (1) —the character of the society limits the possibilities of successful popular government. This is especially so as regards the characteristic of *steadiness*; a flighty and unstable people may as safely tamper with popular government as a child may play with fire.

Before returning to the recent campaign let us examine two former instances which have materially to do with the character of the electorate as we find it at the commencement of that contest. They throw much light on the forces at work on both sides, and the character of the various issues, and the canvasses of the contending parties.

The first is the influx of ignorant immigrants who early began to pour into the country from all the capitals of Europe—people of varying traditions, custom, temperament, moral and political habit; a motley throng of humanity; for the most part promising subjects for strict and regenerative discipline, but entirely unfit to be entrusted with the wielding of political power. The naturalization laws which stood as a wholesome barrier against this evil were, in many cases through the connivance of an elective judiciary, itself

the creature of the popular vote, set at nought; and these poor people, fresh from scenes of European ignorance and squalor, and for the most part ignorant of popular government, were made the recipients of the powers and privileges of American citizens. The majority of these immigrants were doubtless capable of becoming in time excellent citizens, but they required to be thoroughly schooled in the habits of political thought and the spirit and workings of popular government in the country of their adoption before being given a voice in its affairs. They have in more than one instance constituted a menace to the liberty they came to enjoy, while their enfranchisement materially lowered the character of the electorate.

The second instance is afforded by the outcome of the civil conflict between the North and South—the emancipation of the negro. Though the chains of slavery had been broken in British dominions many years before, and men had come to recognize the rights of man irrespective of colour or creed, in America they were still unbroken, and it was not until after the preacher, the statesman and the soldier had thrown their combined forces against it, and until after the violence of civil war had spent its fury, that they were rent asunder. Then, as is usual when excessive enthusiasm smothered judgment, victory was carried to its extreme; the negroes were enfranchised. A people "utterly and childishy incompetent," unfitted by their traditions, their ignorance and their habitual surveillance, were immediately invested with the privileges, powers and responsibilities of American citizenship and expected to perform the duties of popular sovereignty. A people who had groped for years in the thick darkness of slavery, fettered, driven, hunted with bloodhounds, were brought at one stroke into the blinding light of the highest freedom—the freedom of democracy—were thrust upon the throne of popular sovereignty, and there, bewildered and dazed, were expected to lay aside the bended attitude of the slave and with head erect to assume that of the sove-

(1) Woodrow Wilson, *An Old Master*, and other Essays.

reign people. It was a forlorn hope, as we shall presently see.

What were the immediate results flowing from these two errors? If bodies of ignorant and incompetent men are given powers which they do not know how to use, it is perfectly right and logical to take them in charge—so reasoned the political parties; and since one vote is as potent as another, the greater number of such votes I can control the greater my political power—so reasoned the political adventurer. The doctrine that "when the hour calls, the hero appears" has an unpleasant corollary in that "when opportunity invites, the Devil appears." So it was. In the city of New York exists an organization whose history is co-extensive with that of the Republic, and which has come down to our day as one of the most stupendous and unique organizations devised by the wit of man. This body takes its name, 'tis said, from an Indian Chief named Tammanend, or Tammany, and appears to have been organized after the tribal ideal of its Indian prototype. It possessed its "Sachems" or "Sagamores" and its "Braves"; and although its early character was social, it soon became political. Perceiving a fruitful field of operations among certain of the immigrant classes, it perfected and extended its organization, "stretching forth its tentacles on every hand" among these poor and ignorant people; and by various means it brought them under its influence and control.

This was the unclean beast that laid hold of the newly-arrived immigrants, helped to procure their enfranchisement by adroit evasions of the naturalization laws, schooled them in the lore of its "Sachems," drilled them in the noble arts of political chicanery, marshalled them, and marched them to the polls where, at the word of command, they voted en masse.

Next we have the negro. The South was at this time beyond the sway of Tammany, but the circumstances were too inviting to enjoy immunity from the presence of some evil genius. Almost immediately upon their enfran-

chisement the negroes became the prey of unscrupulous adventurers from the North known as "Carpet-baggers," and the subsequent history reveals "a grotesque parody of government, a hideous orgie of anarchy, violence, unrestrained corruption, undisguised, ostentatious, insulting robbery such as the world had scarcely ever seen."¹

In addition to all this, there early set in the policy of extending the franchise in various other directions, and this policy, as de Tocqueville pointed out, when once entered upon, leads directly to universal suffrage.² These various extensions and gifts of the franchise have undoubtedly weakened the character of the electorate on the one hand, and strengthened the influence and power of the political boss and party machine on the other.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the better class of men have been driven out of politics; that the boss has become in effect "the people," that "the machine" has become the great dictatorial power.

These things, rightly regarded, are but an unwholesome excrescence upon democracy; they are no part of the principle itself; nor are they inevitably connected with it by the inexorable necessities of party government. Let the issue be serious enough and the sleeping conscience becomes aroused. A great crisis like the Civil War is capable of evoking an exalted patriotic action, worthy the highest admiration.

III.

Let us now turn our attention to some features of the recent campaign.

When it became known that the Democratic party assembled in convention at Chicago had adopted a platform containing as its main plank the foolish scheme of the "free coinage of silver," other planks of a constitution-tampering nature, such as the reconstruction of the Supreme Court Bench of the United States and expressions of hostility to "government by injunc-

(1) Lecky, *Democracy and Liberty*. (2) De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*.

tion," as the decision of the Supreme Court growing out of the Chicago strikes was termed, and still others betokening unwarranted antagonism against capitalists, bankers, employers and manufacturers generally—a mild consternation seized the financial world; and when it appeared probable that Mr. Bryan—the Presidential Candidate of the party and a young and inexperienced man who professed to stand upon every plank in the platform—might succeed at the polls, Lombard Street vied with Wall Street in the interest excited by the situation. The result of that convention is well known. A portion of the old Democratic party, finding themselves outnumbered at Chicago, withdrew, held a convention of their own, put up candidates, and entered the fight as "Sound Money Democrats," while the Chicago party for obvious reasons became known as the "Popocrats." From thenceforth waged a contest between the "Goldbugs" and the "Silverbugs"—a contest in many ways the most remarkable in American history.

As the contest took more definite shape and the smoke of the first charges cleared away, this remarkable fact became more apparent: on the one side appeared to be grouped a majority of the manufacturers, capitalists, bankers, millionaires, railway kings and merchant princes, the clergy, the learned professions, the political economists, the faculties and students of colleges and universities generally, the leading journals and newspapers,—constituting a formidable array of the intelligence, culture, thrift and wealth of the country; while on the other side appeared to be grouped a majority of those whom we may be pardoned for classifying as socialists, demagogues, schemers, faddists, theorists, revolutionists, malcontents and grumblers, a motley throng of ignorants and incompetents clamouring for political power and the overthrow of everything that did not agree with the tenets of their interesting propaganda. All this portended danger, and that danger increased when it was found that a great many of the ordin-

ary, quiet-going, industrious folk of limited vision and experience—honest and sincere labourers and plodding farmers—were, by reason of party ties or through want of enlightenment, supporting the "free silver" party.

But this was not all; a considerable number of men of more than average intelligence and influence were found to be supporting the party and giving vigorous and effective assistance to it in its canvass.

What was to be done? A "campaign of education" was commenced. The great centres of intellectual thought and action, the pulpit and platform, the magazine and daily journal, and business men generally, contributed their quota of enlightenment to the popular mind, while with prophetic instinct many of the great colleges and universities held elections of their own toward the close of the campaign and inflicted on Mr. Bryan and his party an overwhelming defeat.

The speeches delivered by Mr. Bryan in his vigorously-conducted campaign, those of his lieutenants, and the campaign literature, bear abundant evidence of the dangerous character of the doctrines, political feticisms, financial day-dreams, and economic fallacies which characterized their policy, and of their tendency to stir up and inflame class hatred. The magnetic influence which Mr. Bryan exerted over large numbers of the electorate was a factor of no small importance and, when coupled with the highly rhetorical character of his platform addresses, a ready eloquence and a hearty Hibernian wit, a facility in the coining of suggestive campaign cries of the "cross of gold and crown of thorns" type, and withal a real generosity of heart well calculated to inspire the admiration and following of the work-a-day classes, did much to set fanaticism in operation, to create hostility between labour and capital, to fire the ambitions of the socialist, and generally to create glowing and exorbitant hopes in the breasts, not only of those of populist and socialistic tendencies, but also of a

great number of otherwise peaceable and contented citizens.

But let us not be too severe on the Silver Democratic party and its leader. They are the natural fruit of the tree which bore them. There is much justice in the outcry against rich men, against corporations, against combines and monopolies. The history of tariff legislation has confirmed with wonderful exactness the prophetic vision of its future which McDuffie of South Carolina painted years ago (See Goldwin Smith's *Polit. Hist. U. S.*, p. 189). If the high protection party by the granting of special favours, by undue protection to individuals and corporations, and by the shutting out of foreign competition and the crushing of healthful commerce, has encouraged and made possible the formation of these combines and monopolies, which must always and ever be at the expense of the body of the people and the sacrifice of their interests and just rights, some thanks is due to that party for helping to bring about the state of discontent apparent at the time of the recent contest. Measures which give undue facilities to some for accumulating wealth, while denying it to others, breed a sense of injustice. Men resent injustice, and if they cannot get justice through the law-givers, they will take the law into their own hands. The same causes which impel them to lynch the individual will impel them to lynch (politically) the classes by whom they deem themselves to have been oppressed.

IV.

The election, however, is over, and the smallness of the majority shows how narrowly a great danger has been escaped. The character of that danger is, as we have already seen, that of political predominance of the lower classes, which is "Mobocracy."

There is always a possibility of democracy degenerating into this, and what may be said under this head will apply with equal force to the democracy of England and the Colonies.

Let it not be thought that no evils ac-

crue until the lower classes are actually in the ascendant. Long before they reach this point they constitute a balance of power which, as we have seen, may be thrown toward the one side or the other to carry an election for that party which as a matter of bargain will reward them for their support by the biggest bribe. Under the system of party government, candidates bid for support. One candidate says to his constituents, "Support me and I will give you this." The opposing candidate says "Nay, but support me and I will give you this and that." Thus the bidding continues, the zest of conflict and the hope of victory and power ever supplying an incentive to unscrupulousness and exciting the faculties of invention in finding and devising "political commodities" in the shape of offices, bonuses, subsidies, public works, special grants, favours, and other little matters of a similar kind, not hesitating to purchase support at the rate of \$5, or even \$1 per head, even dispensing rum in those communities where its effectiveness in "enlightening the electorate on the issues" is known.

But this is not all. The "Land of Promise" is pictured to the wondering and greedy eyes of a dishonest constituency. There is scarcely a promise which the ordinary politician will not make under the pressure of local demand if thereby he may gain the coveted support.

The lower the character of the electorate the lower the character of the party appeals to it. The larger the number of that shiftless body of ignorant and unscrupulous voters who form the balance of power, the greater the scope for the exercise of those influences which alone appeal to it; and strong indeed is that man who, in the heat of conflict, does not experience some moment of weakness in which his conscience is hushed under the pressure of political necessity.

Are the dangers here indicated real; or but wayward fancies? An eminent English historian, reflecting upon the question, writes: "One of the great

divisions of politics in our day is coming to be whether at the last resort the world should be governed by its ignorance or its intelligence." (1). He combats vigorously what he regards as a mistaken tendency of the times, as did Sir James Fitzjames Stephen more than two centuries ago, (2) and designates the theory that "the ultimate source of power, the supreme right of appeal and control, belongs legitimately to the majority of the nation told by the head—or, in other words, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most incapable, who are necessarily the most numerous," as a theory which "assuredly reverses all the past experiences of mankind."

This is not reassuring. But it must be admitted that there is very much in existing conditions to call forth such statements. Times have changed. To get the best example of blind, unquestioning faith in democracy it is necessary to look back to Jefferson, who, with implicit confidence in the people, "intently listened for the popular will, and surely caught its every whisper." (3). But in strange contrast to his bright, optimistic faith are the sombre forebodings of a number of recent thinkers and writers on the subject" (4).

While, however, the tide of people worship is far less strong than in older days, there is, perhaps, an equally unhealthy tendency to despair of the future. All agree that democracy is here, and here to stay—from it there is no turning back. The attitude of a people, as of confidence in or distrust of their institutions, is of great importance as regards their successful working; and the tendency to bewail the future outlook is due rather to a morbid fancy than a clear and just perception of existing conditions.

How to grapple with those recognized dangers which really menace democracy is the question. It is easier to extend the suffrage than to restrict it; and though something can be done

in this latter respect, especially in refusing to extend it further, much more can be done by well-directed endeavour to enlighten and educate the electorate—not neglecting in the meantime to instruct some public men in the first principles and duties of statesmanship. Both require to be placed on a higher and sturdier moral plane.

This process must commence in the "little red schoolhouse"; it must continue through the college and the university, especially in extended and better instruction in history, political economy, and social science.

Especially is there need of a regeneration of the press. Let journalists cease to be the hirelings of this or that faction in the interests of those lying doctrines they spend their energies in proselytising their readers. Let the newspapers cease their existence as mere garbage-pots of public gossip—the purveyors of distorted, sensational and scandalizing rumour. Let them reflect truthfully and faithfully that which is worthy the name of "public opinion," and in turn react upon that public with something of truth and knowledge for its enlightenment and guidance.

The extent to which the views of a great number of the plain, every-day people, especially in the rural districts, are formed and controlled by the "party paper," is perhaps greatly underestimated; for in many cases, perhaps the majority, it is their chief literature. When such a paper is nothing but "the servile mouth-piece of a party" whose columns are continually filled with mean party bickerings, misrepresentations, falsehoods and unbecoming recriminations, which take root in the minds of the readers, blossom in the squabbles of the corner grocery, and come to their fruition in an ignorant party vote on election day, it is easy to see whence comes so much of that political "wrong-headedness" which intelligent, thinking men are wont to deplore. The press is a powerful agency; but, alas! this is as true of a corrupt press as of a pure one—in many cases more so.

(1) W. E. H. Lecky, in a recent work, "Democracy and Liberty," Vol. I., p. 25.

(2) "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

(3) Goldwin Smith, "United States Political History."

(4) See especially Brooks Adams, "The Law of Civilization and Decay."

At the very outset it is necessary that the very best men of known integrity and recognized intelligence should be chosen as representatives of the people. A corrupt politician and a corrupt constituency are two forces which, like the Indian and the brandy, react upon each other to the demoralization of both.

In the next place, let journalism awaken to a sense of its responsibility and its true mission in the world, and let it arouse and keep alive in the electorate that puritan integrity of character that will refuse to bribe its representative and will not suffer itself to be bribed by him.

Let the number of "political commodities"—the chief instrument of the "spoils system"—be reduced in number to the fewest possible by the extension of wise measures of civil service reform.

And, finally, let the heresy that the present evils are the inseparable and necessary incidents of popular govern-

ment be eradicated; for, when that misleading idea has possession of men's minds, there is no error, however corrupt and dangerous, that may not creep in under its mantle to gnaw at the heart of free institutions.

There is every reason to believe that democracy is still in the process of evolution: there are very weighty reasons for believing that we may with confidence look forward to greater perfection in free institutions than we find in them at present. Nor is there any good excuse for being numbered among those who maintain that the ripeness of our present civilization borders on its decay; that we have arrived at the turning-point, as did the old Roman world; and that some future Gibbon will trace in saddened lines the story of the "Decline and Fall" of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The unseemly excrescences which disfigure modern democracy will at length be loosened and tumble from it by their own weight.

Ithaca, N.Y.

James Harris Vickery.

ACADIAN WINTER NIGHT.

The moonbeams sweetly fall to-night
Across the vast expanse of snow,
That spreads away in silver light
To where the blue sky dips below.

The blushes of departed day
Behind the tree-tops linger still;
And out across the inland bay
Doth fall the shadow of the hill.

How silently the myriad stars,
Far worlds above this spectre scene,
Doth bathe in gold the crusted scars
Of hanging cliff and 'berglet green.

'Tis good to stand alone, and hear,
Across the creaking snowbanks white,
The snowshod feet, the voices clear,
Of youthful trampers out to-night.

And with the frosty tramp of feet
There ring the sleigh bells loud and wild,
As happy lovers, down the street,
Sweep past the happier coasting child.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

J. T. Bryan.

JACK.

With Two Illustrations by Kahrs.

THAT is what he was usually called —Jack, sometimes supplemented by "the mule boy," but the supplementation was seldom used except as a term of distinction. An establishment furnishing employment to from five to six hundred pairs of hands is almost certain to have more than one Jack on its pay-roll, and so it was at the mill.

"The mill" is understood to embrace all within the confines of the great wall—the yard, warehouses, coal sheds, scrap sheds, sand bins, etc., as well as a great barn-like building with its score or more of chimneys and smoke stacks—a smoke-emitting, fire-vomiting forest.

Jack the mule boy he was and, apparently, always would be. His early surroundings had been such as to dwarf both mind and body. Incapable of performing the duties of a man as men worked at the mill, he became a fixture. Apparently he was contented with his monotonous existence, an existence that would seem indeed monotonous to one possessing the shadow of an aspiration; year in and year out the same unchangeable programme; from the weigh scales to the scrap bins; from the scrap bins to the weigh scales. If the scrap was not arriving sufficiently fast to supply the muck mill, or if it was arriving too fast, it was a trip to the stock pile. As punctual as the mill whistle and as steady as the clock—were Jack, the mule and the buggy. To see one was to associate it with the other two. One cannot wonder that his step became spiritless and his eyes expressionless. He seemed to live entirely within himself, never speaking unless by a word of direction to the mule or in answer to a direct question.

It was sometimes necessary for the buggy gang to work overtime. The mule objected to such an arrangement, and it generally needed considerable persuasion to induce it to continue its

labours after the mill whistle sounded. On one of these occasions Marshall (the yard foreman) conceived that a piece of chain properly applied might render the argument more effective. The administration of the first blow called forth such a torrent of verbal abuse from Jack that the whole gang were struck dumb with amazement. Taking advantage of the suspension of operations, Jack unhitched the mule from the buggy and was half way to the stable before Marshall recovered himself sufficiently to order him back; but notwithstanding that the order was very emphatic Jack paid no attention to it. Marshall swore he would "have the young beggar sacked," and proceeded to lay complaint before a higher court; but evidently the verdict was given "against the plaintiff," as Jack was in his usual place next morning.

The affair was a revelation to the gang, however. They learned that Jack was capable of being teased, on one point at least, and almost daily the mule would receive some real or fancied indignity which would never fail to produce the desired result.

From this grew a spirit of companionship, and even if the object of Jack's contentions was only an old mule it awakened in him an interest outside himself. It is true it developed his profane propensities and spoiled his temper, but who should judge such as he?

* * * *

A long winter had passed. The roll hands were beginning to forsake the mill between heats and come outside to smoke their pipes and tell stories instead of huddling around the furnaces to keep warm, as they were wont to do in the colder weather. Jack had made his last trip for the morning and was leaning on the buggy waiting for the whistle to sound for twelve o'clock, and watching a rat tugging at a piece of suet which the oil man had dropped on

his way to the rolls. He was roused by a pleasant girlish voice enquiring:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Phillips?"

Jack was somewhat surprised. Not that it was uncommon to see girls at the mill at twelve o'clock, for there were quite a number who brought dinners to father or brother, but they all called him "Shorty," or "Sawed-off," and he invariably avoided them. It was so seldom that he was addressed pleasantly that such a circumstance created an impression, an impression that could scarcely be called favourable, for had it been so the chances are the fair questioner would not have been answered.

"Be it Phillips, th' new puddler, ye' want?" queried Jack, and being an-

swered in the affirmative he bade her follow him.

They entered the mill, passed along in front of the battery boilers and, dodging the telegraphs to the plate and bar mills, finally reached the puddling furnaces.

The dinner delivered they retraced their steps. It was only then that Jack perceived that his companion was of a different stamp to the girls who frequented the premises on similar errands. Evidently her experience inside a rolling mill had been very limited, for the heat from the furnaces and iron, and the numerous noises peculiar to the place seemed to strike terror to her soul. The rumble and rattle of rolls, pounding of engines, grinding of shears, whirring of glass fans, escap-

ing of steam, etc., seemed to tax her nerves to the utmost tension, and when all this combined racket was pierced by the shriek of the bar-mill saw making its way through a large round, or the explosion of a cinder as a box pile passed through the rolls, she seemed to be terrified beyond expression. The vast quantities of heated metal, which seemed to pass in all directions indiscriminately, did not tend to reassure her.

Even Jack, with his dulled perceptions, noted her state of mind and questioned himself as to why Phillips compelled the girl to bring his lunch. It occurred to him that he could relieve the fair messenger, in a degree at least, and he found himself making a proposition



DRAWN BY C. H. KAHRS.

JACK.

which was a surprise even to him.

"Say!" he ejaculated, "I ken kerry th' dinner from th' gate t' yer dad every day if ye' like."

The transformation of her countenance was visible even to Jack. Her inherent bashfulness prevented her from demonstrating her gratitude verbally, but she was indeed grateful and Jack knew it.

This was the first kindness to a fellow-mortal Jack had ever attempted, and the reward was sweet. The satisfaction was very similar to the sensation he experienced after a successful battle for the rights of the mule, but it was infinitely deeper and more lasting. The chords of human sympathy within him were touched for the first time and the music was a surprise and a delight to his soul.

So it was that Jack carried the dinner from the gate to Phillips every day, receiving with the dinner a smile and "Thank you," or "You are very kind," for his trouble, and it was ample recompense. It seemed to him that the mornings were whole days, they passed so slowly; and when the hour drew near when he might expect her, how eagerly he would peer around the corner of the mill to see if she was waiting for him as he neared the gate.

Then came a week that seemed absolutely endless to Jack. Phillips was on the night turn. But old Time generally compensates for deferred pleasure by increasing the quantity and quality anticipated (if pleasure may be so measured), and so it was with Jack.

The arrangement of the first week was repeated every alternate week during the entire summer. Sometimes she would arrive a little late. This



DRAWN BY C. H. KAHRS.

"THAT PHILLIPS GAL."

proved somewhat disastrous in the first few instances, as the mule invariably attempted to make its way to the stable at the blowing of the whistle at noon, and if Jack was in the mill it generally succeeded in getting itself into trouble before his return. But a few cases of this kind were sufficient for the mule; it seemed to understand the condition of affairs and governed itself accordingly.

The heat of the summer became intense at the mill. Between heats the roll hands endeavoured to lower their temperature by bathing their hands and faces in the large bosh outside the mill. Jack pursued his daily round of toil with the same unvarying

regularity. A careful observer might have detected a more intelligent expression and a more elastic step—evidences of an aroused intellect. Was the God of Circumstances to favour this dwarfed bit of humanity? Who can tell what possibilities lay within his reach even at so late a period in his existence? True sympathy and unselfishness go hand in hand and unselfishness invariably bears sweet fruit. It is hard to say what this newly-awakened human interest might have done for Jack; but Fate was against him.

There came a Monday morning in early fall when Jack, on his way to the mill, noticed by the smoke stacks that the puddling furnaces were cold. Possibly the furnaces were being repaired; but that was disappointing, as he could not then expect his fair visitor for several days at least, as Phillips would of necessity be laid off. Watching his opportunity he slipped into the mill to ascertain the facts, and found the masons busy at the furnaces. Enquiring of Wiffen, the head mason, as to how long the furnaces would be under repair, he was astounded by the intelligence that the furnaces were being re-constructed for scrap. The puddling had simply been an experiment, and not having proved profitable was being abandoned.

Jack could not comprehend the full significance of this at first. No puddling! What would Phillips do, and when would he start work? He considered the matter all morning, and finally approached Marshall on the matter. It was then he learned that Phillips would leave town in a few days.

Phillips leave town! Why *she* would as a matter of course go with her father. He could not realize what it would mean to him. His disappointment was very great when he learned that he would not see her that day as usual; it seemed as if the whole day, nay, as if the whole of the previous week, had been wasted. It was as if he had conscientiously done penance for a sin, and the absolution had been denied. Now it was worse than that.

He had nothing to look forward to; absolutely nothing but the same old life, with the resting-places removed. He could not approach a comprehension of what the old state of affairs would mean to him. It seemed to him that some terrible disaster had befallen him; so terrible that he could not estimate the result.

That afternoon the mule was without a driver—a circumstance unprecedented since Jack's assumption of duty in that capacity. No serious complications resulted, however, as the mule seemed to appreciate the additional responsibility, and pursued its rounds with the utmost regularity. Next morning Jack was at his post as usual. Some of the men chaffed him about "takin' an afternoon off t'see that Phillips gal," but if such was the case, he kept his own counsel.

The old monotony was resumed. If possible, the step became more spiritless, and the eyes more expressionless, than ever; there seemed a dominant spirit of hopelessness in all his movements. All interest became extinct; he never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

He was destined to a cruel awakening. He had become so oblivious to all surroundings that he did not notice that the mule was failing in strength. The abuse of the men waned with Jack's interest, and the loads grew lighter almost daily. One day Marshall felt compelled to report the mule as incapable; it was so old it could not masticate its food properly, and the want of proper nourishment obviously weakened it. The manager sentenced it to be shot as soon as another could be procured to take its place.

When this reached Jack's ears he was appalled. At first he thought that the men were at their old tricks and that they were joking him; but all the evidence sustained their statements and he was convinced. Then he braved the terrors of the Manager's office to make intercession for the life of the faithful old servant, but the Company had no room for idle mules, and to let it pass out of their hands was to have

it subjected to possible cruelties. No. To shoot it was the greater kindness.

How carefully Jack looked after the wants of the mule now, and how he despised himself for fancied neglect. All too soon the day arrived when another mule stood in the familiar stall; and it was found necessary to get a new mule boy as well. The old buggy, as if to make the annihilation of the trio complete, collapsed. It may be that the collapse was occasioned by overloading in order to test the strength of the new mule.

The undertaker had instructions to conduct everything on as cheap a scale as possible, and he carried out his instructions to the cent. No one accompanied the humble casket to its last

resting-place but the officiating clergyman and four of the buggy gang who were detailed to assist in the last offices.

No regret was felt or expressed by anyone except when the usual tax of 25 cents was imposed to cover the expenses of the funeral according to the laws of the benefit society of the mill; then some of the men cursed the benefit society and cursed Jack for "steppin' out" while employed at the mill.

Why did fate mock him by giving him a glimpse of a higher, truer life, only to close the door of usefulness to him before his eyes had recovered from the brightness of the view beyond? Who can tell?

A little life it was—so very barren; so very narrow.

G. L. Drew.

THE HUNGER OF THE HEART.

THE red end of a cigarette winked in darkness at the gate, and Miss Lucy, at the window, knew it was his, and ran out of the front door and met him half way between the house and the gate, on the path. He thought her verve, which he was sure was quite unaffected, and the bell-like ring in her voice as she scolded him playfully for not having been punctual, very charming. He suppressed, with much difficulty, a wild desire to kiss her. He told himself that he had never seen her looking so brilliant.

"You are perfectly incandescent to-night," he cried delightedly.

"Am I?" she asked, laughing. "I am looking forward with much pleasure to the nice skate we'll have. See, there is the moon."

He looked over his shoulder and saw the rim of a great gold moon showing above the woods on the sky-line.

It was seven of a very cold but windless December night. They meant to skate ten miles up the river, which ran

through the village, to the house of a mutual friend.

They passed out of the gate, chatting gaily, and in a few minutes reached the river and bound on their skates. Miss Lucy put on hers unaided, having refused her companion's offer of assistance. Then she gave him her hand, and together they swung forward steadily. The ice rang musically as they swept over it, and feathery flakes of snow spun from their skate-blades.

The moon clomb higher and threw a strong, white glare over the glossy, smooth ice, and the numberless stars grew pale.

She looked at him, her heart thumping, and commented to herself, "What a handsome boy he is!" as she often did, and he looked at her and mentally approved of her tall, lithe figure and the grace of its forward swing, and of her beauty, which was in his sight the beauty of a goddess, as he had done a hundred times before.

They had been particularly good

friends for a year, and were very much in love with each other. But each had remained ignorant of the other's affection, for each had perversely taken pains to conceal it. Many times she had asked herself, "Does he love me, or not?" And he told himself every day, "If I spoke to her *now*, it might cost me her friendship; she may learn to love me afterwhile; wait, my heart."

And to-night while she waited, wrapped and with skates slung on arm, for his coming, she had made up her mind to do an unmaidenly thing (for the first and last time in her life.) Her heart-hunger had been more poignant of late, for they had been oftener together than ever before. She would in some way make him speak his mind, and give her an opportunity to speak hers. She tried not to think of the bitterness which would be infused into her life-cup if she found that he did not love her. And five minutes before she had seen the glow of his cigarette at the gate a most adroit scheme for compelling him to speak had come into her bright womanly brain. It was her confidence in its efficacy that had made her so radiant.

In a little time they came to a place where the river widened to the diameter of a small lake, in the middle of which some young country people had built a huge fire and were holding carnival around it. Here they paused and were welcomed, for both were known to many of the skaters, and they got down upon a log close to the fire, and he lit a pipe.

"Now," she whispered softly to herself, "is the time."

And disregarding his comments on the beauty of the night and the merry scene about them, she turned to him with a different look in her eyes from

any he had ever seen there before—a look that made his heart leap.

"Harry," she said, gravely, and paused. It was the first time she had ever called him "Harry," and he started.

"Harry," she repeated, and paused again. It is very hard for a good girl to be bold. She felt that she could not carry out her plan—she could not force herself to utter the words which she now mentally rehearsed—the words she had meant to say.

But it was unnecessary, for by a strange chance her heart was laid bare to him in that very minute, and he saw that she loved him. A great joy inflamed his face. Taking her hand he said, gently:

"We have been friends a long time."

"A very long time," she acquiesced.

"I'm afraid we cannot be *friends* any longer."

She remained silent.

"But cannot we be *more* than friends? Cannot we be lovers?"

She bowed her head. The movement might have been mistaken for an acquiescent nod.

He went on.

"Do not you love me a little, dear?" He had lowered his voice; it had a faint ecstatic ring.

"Perhaps," she whispered out of quivering lips.

"Come, dear," he commanded, and half lifted her to her feet. They glided out of the circle of firelight. Suddenly she stopped herself by slightly lifting the toe of a skate and letting the heel drag.

"Harry," she cried, "you foolish, foolish boy! Why did not you speak weeks—months ago?"

And with a quick movement she lifted her head and kissed him on the lips.

Marry Marstyn.



THE LAND O' DREAMS.

BEHIND the old moon's silver rim
A way runs down to the Land o' Dreams,
A gentle land, all sweet and dim,
With silent woods and falling streams
That singing go.

As flowers wash their souls in dew,
So men drop off the stains of day,
When Slumber comes to lead them through
Her pearly gate adown the way
To Land o' Dreams.

There is a valley, cool and far,
That runs by winding ways to greet
The pale horizon and a star—
For earth and heaven do sometimes meet
In Land o' Dreams.

And one comes singing up the way
So kingly-strong, so flower-fine :
My Dream-Love, never seen by day—
My Dream-Love, mine; yet only mine.
In Land o' Dreams.

How speed the hours in soft delight,
And yet a round eternity
Lies slumbering 'neath the lids of night;
The Was and Is and the To Be
All starry bright.

O Love, to stray in this dim land
Is worth the jagged wounds of day.
Here, with my hand in your strong hand,
There is no need of words to say
In Land o' Dreams.

For heart is intertwined with heart,
Our blood flows singing in our veins,
From shams and shames and griefs we part,
And nothing but sweet truth remains
In Land o' Dreams.

Behind the old moon's silver rim
A ray runs back from Land o' Dreams,
But all the way I think of him,
And so the rude day gentler seems
For Land o' Dreams.

Laura Harris.



FAITHFUL.

An Illustrated Story.

I.

PEACE reigns. The Sabbath afternoon sun shining through the windows of the little chapel attached to the great St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary falls like a benediction upon a kneeling congregation composed entirely of men, who, save for the clergyman and guards, are all clothed alike in the sombre garments accorded to them upon the day of rest.

Those troubled breasts seem for one brief moment to have found that sweet and happy peace, even as the rushing, turbulent wave of the ocean flows calmly at last away up on the smooth, sandy beach.

Near to the front, kneels one differing slightly in appearance from the smooth-shaven face and closely-cropped hair of those around him. His beard is now of quite respectable growth and his hair gives signs of wavy luxuriance, signifying that for him the term of his imprisonment will soon be over.

Now they sit again and listen to the words of the venerable man who talks to them even as a loving father would to his children, and as there are no personalities where all are more or less bound up in each other's troubles, his words are phrased with a tenderness and feeling for him who shall so soon pass out from among them. Finally, all are asked to kneel and offer a prayer for that new life; that strength may be given this man to

walk as an upright man before all men and pleasing in the sight of God.

At an early hour of the morning, two days following the Sabbath, the prison gate was swung slowly open, and just within the portal a man stood hesitating for one brief moment. Beside him stood the 'old Chaplain, who clasped his hand tightly within his own as he gave him his blessing with a few parting words of kindly advice. Again the gate swung upon its hinges, the bolts rattled to their places, and there upon the roadway, with all the world before him, was one who had passed the last five years within those walls.

The man paused for a moment, then set off at a brisk pace determined to reach the well-known road from the Back River to Montreal.

Avoiding as much as possible the village of Sault au Recollet, he was making straight for the city when, realizing at last that he had not the courage to enter by daylight with every chance of meeting past acquaintances upon the well-known streets, he resolved to wait about until darkness should fairly set in. Accordingly he entered, not without some timidity, a small hotel which stood by the roadside.

The afternoon had well advanced when he rose to depart, and as he passed out, the host, who had regarded him attentively and with that "know-

ingness" so becoming to all heads of country hotels, made remark :

"Our friend there, bet you two to one, has just concluded a lengthy visit to the Queen's free apartments up yonder," jerking his head in the direction of St. Vincent.

"You don't say!" exclaimed a bystander. "How do you make that out?"

"Easy enough," drawled the host. "They don't happen this way very often; generally they're sent to Montreal by train, but when they do come I know 'em."

The man, all unconscious of this little dialogue, had set out again upon the road, and at last, weary and hungry, entered the city by way of St. Lawrence Main Street, turning off immediately into a side thoroughfare to escape the numerous lights and crowds of people.

Continuing on, his head bent forward in deep thought, his steps becoming slower and slower, he finally came to a complete standstill at the head of a little narrow street. For a moment he gazed about, then, as if by some irresistible impulse, he moved forward again and drew near to what was once his happy home.

With muffled steps he approached the well-known gate, paused, and pushing it open crept stealthily towards a window from which proceeded a soft ray of light, and where he was able to peer in through the slightly folded shutters.

He saw the same neat room he had left five years ago; the old-fashioned carpet upon the floor; the mantel-shelf and the wooden-case clock with its painted door. There, too, the yellow chairs and the four-legged round table with its simple green cloth.

All these passed before the eyes of the man like a flood of thought, but his attention was really fixed upon the form of a woman, clad in a simple black gown and sitting in the old rocker drawn close to the table.

There was just a touch of grey in the rich brown tresses, and lines of care traced themselves upon a sweet, sad

face. Beside her knelt a little child, clothed in a night-dress of spotless white, her hands clasped together and eyes cast reverently down.

The man at the window watched, and listening heard that prayer so familiar to himself in childhood days:—"Now I lay me down to sleep," and on to the end, followed by a few lisping words asking a blessing upon the father's head.

With difficulty he stifled the groan that rose to his lips. What misery he



"Crept stealthily toward a window."

endured in that brief moment. The weary years of his prison life were as nothing compared to it. There sat the wife he had promised to love and protect; there knelt his babe—but one year when he left—now six years old.

He turned away with the hot tears blinding his eyes and coursing their way unchecked over his face. What would he not have given could he but have swept those five years from his

life. Leaning against the wall he resolved that this should indeed be the commencement of his life, that he should make amends to those dear ones, that the past should be redeemed. Then straightening himself up, he walked calmly to the door and entered.

No need to ask for welcome. In an instant she who had suffered so much for him was by his side, as she clasped his hand within her own and passed one arm around his neck. Looking earnestly into his face all her sorrow was lost in his grief, and without speaking a word she drew him gently to his chair.

Long into the night he sat with arms clasped about wife and child. Once only he lifted his face, and, touching his lips gently to the head that lies upon his bosom, he kissed the wavy tresses as he murmured—"Faithful, faithful."

II.

Father Time works upon the hearts of all and much is laid to his door for good in healing old sores and much for evil in forgetfulness of past lessons.

It was now two years since Richard Copestalk had left the prison gate of St. Vincent de Paul. During these years he had regained much of his old time spirits, and now looked back upon that period somewhat as if it had been a nightmare.

Richard Copestalk was an engraver by trade and a good one at that. Many times lately his services had been sought, for it happened that about this time forged Dominion of Canada notes began to find their way among commercial and banking circles, causing considerable uneasiness among the business community. Copestalk's judgment upon these bills whenever placed before him, in all cases gave evident satisfaction and proof beyond doubt of his knowledge of the genuine art.

Detectives had been detailed to work upon the case, but it appeared to be a hopeless task, and as yet no clue had been obtained.

About the hour of ten o'clock upon a night in dark and dreary November,

the rain descending with a ceaseless wetting influence, there stood staring vacantly about him on the corner of Craig St. and Victoria Square a short, insignificant man with shabby hat and hands in pockets of a closely buttoned-up coat. He appeared to see little and to think less, watching in a sort of absent manner a small stream of water working its way out from the street car tracks and down to the gutters.

While thus employed, there suddenly brushed past him a man in dark and dripping garments, who, drawing well into the shadow of the buildings, hurried along Craig Street.

The insignificant man, without changing his position, inclined his head ever so little and watched.

The stranger kept on his way until he reached the corner of Little St. Antoine Street. Here he stopped, searched the street with anxious eye, looked up and down Craig, then dove into the narrow thoroughfare.

The other now turned and sauntered carelessly up the street. He, too, stopped at Little St. Antoine, and apparently without any purpose whatever peeped down the dark enclosure.

The foremost man had by this time arrived at St. James Street, where, by the light of the gas, he could plainly be seen to turn and peer anxiously about, finally moving on as before.

The follower now came down the street at a quick pace, but when he reached St. James nobody was to be seen. Hurrying across the road, he glanced cautiously down Roy Lane, and there at the corner of Notre Dame he observed the man pursuing the same tactics as before and disappearing almost immediately.

"Oh, ho!" he soliloquized, "something up, eh?" and winking one eye hard, he kept it closed for an instant, then aloud—"Well, here goes!"

When he reached Notre Dame, the other, well in advance, could scarcely be seen moving along to the westward, avoiding light wherever possible.

Like a cat watching his prey, so this insignificant man followed on, up one street, down another, through lanes

and dark spaces, keeping always his victim in view.

At last the foremost man appeared to be nearing his destination; lower he crouched into the shadows, peering cautiously about, and more than once leaned against the wall with bowed head as if meditating a change of plan. Finally, as if with an effort, he flung himself into a dark alleyway and disappeared.

The other came down the street at a quick pace, looked into the alleyway, and with gleaming eyes stole up the enclosure. Searching carefully about he came upon a narrow door, closed and locked. Groping along the wall again, he spied a low grated window, through which, though heavily barricaded, from a very small hole, there proceeded a faint ray of light.

Stooping down he peered through and watched until his eye became accustomed to such a narrow focus, then, apparently satisfied, he raised himself, rested a moment deep in thought, and immediately turned out into the street.

Two minutes later the detective—for so indeed he was—returned with a couple of blue-coated officers, and, drawing them noiselessly to the door, he extracted from his pocket a large bunch of keys. After many trials he succeeded in obtaining one which turned the lock, then, giving his companions a few directions, he opened the door, entered, and closed it after him. Removing his heavy boots, he descended a short flight of steps and stopped.

There, away at the other end of the low cellar, his back to the intruder, his head bowed over his task, the centre of one bright light swinging from the ceiling, casting his form in shadow wider and fainter along the rough board floor, until lost in the darkness



"The man at his work never moved."

enshrouding the entrance, sat the man at his work.

Not a sound was heard save the low rumble of a passing vehicle on some distant street. It was a scene to make the heart of even a detective beat faster, yet it was only for a moment that he hesitated.

Down the centre of the cellar at regular distances extended a row of heavy wooden supports. Using these for cover, he began to steal forward. Nearer and nearer he drew, each post gained bringing him closer to his victim. At last, only open space separated them—the man at his work never moved. One step more and the detective stood looking over the workman's shoulder, straight down upon the unfinished engraving of a Dominion note.

"A fine piece of work, my friend!" burst from the detective in low but distinct tones, though an electric shock might not have produced so startling an effect.

With a wild unearthly yell the man sprang from his stool, knocking it over right upon the feet of the detective, who, as he made a dash forward, became entangled in the legs of it and measured his length upon the floor. The man in a terrible fright rushed like

a demon down the cellar and bounded up the steps.

Outside, the policemen having caught the alarm opened the door, but their eyes being met by only an inky blackness, their movements were paralyzed.

Immediately the frightened man was upon them, and seizing the foremost one by the throat rushed him backward, bringing the head with terrific force against the stone wall opposite; then violently throwing the lifeless form into the arms of the other, dashed out into the street and was gone.

Quickly depositing his burden upon the ground, the second officer was just about to follow when the detective appeared, and taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed: "Never mind him! He is as good as captured! See to your comrade! Gracious, how he bleeds! Get assistance at once!"

In a short time the wounded man was being conveyed to the hospital, and the others, after a short consultation, hurriedly separated upon their own special duties.

At home in her little front room,

upon this evening, the wife of Richard Copestalk sat sewing diligently. The hour was getting late, and she was thinking her husband would soon be at home, when suddenly, with something like a crash, the door was burst open and Richard stood before her.

His clothing was soaked with rain and splashed with mud; his hat was gone and hair all bedraggled hung over his forehead. His face was pale, and he gasped for breath.

While husband and wife stand staring at each other they are startled by the noise of wheels upon the roadway, hurried feet across the pavement, and in an instant they are confronted by two detectives.

"You are wanted, Richard Copestalk!" exclaimed one.

There was a pause—Richard Copestalk said nothing.

"What is he wanted for?" faltered the wife.

"Forgery! and well for him if it's not murder!" was the reply.

The wife, in alarm, looked at her husband.

"Richard!" she cried—but the man never moved, and with a low moan she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

For a moment there was silence, then the officer demanded, "Richard Copestalk, is there anything you wish to say to your wife before you come with us?"

The man raised his head and looked at the bowed figure, then lowering it again muttered, "Nothing."

A loud bang of the hall door echoed through the house, and Richard Copestalk, closely guarded, passed out into the night.

III.

In a narrow cell of the old Montreal jail Richard Copestalk sat waiting the



"The wife of Richard Copestalk sat sewing diligently."

hour of his trial. Bitter days and long weary nights had passed over his head since he became an inmate within those walls. Again and again he dwelt upon the folly of his act, and how he might have avoided it. His ears rang with the solemn and anxious warnings of the old chaplain, and his brain whirled with agony at the thought of his dear ones at home bearing upon their innocent heads the shame and sorrow of his sins, until, almost crazed, he cursed himself and all mankind.

As time passed on and preparations were being made for the trial, it began to be freely stated that a very vigorous defence would be put in, and that a most interesting case would be the outcome, so that many were already looking forward to it. Richard Copestalk was jubilant. In fancy he saw himself a free man again, and hoped that Providence might deal kindly by him. It never occurred to him that he should confess himself a guilty man, but determined by every means in his power to aid at the trial in covering up his crime.

Upon the last day which preceded the taking of the evidence, a well-known figure approached the entrance of the jail, and, being admitted, was directed immediately to the cell of Richard Copestalk.

It was the old Chaplain of St. Vincent de Paul.

He greeted the prisoner kindly, and after conversing for some time upon topics which might interest him, he finally endeavoured to engage the man in earnest conversation regarding his own case, but Richard appeared to be in easy, confident spirits.

"Your position is a serious one, my son, and I expected to find you in sorrow for the deed."

"Serious, sir? Why, there is to be a defence—an able defence! Have you not heard?"

The old chaplain regarded him sorrowfully for a moment.

"A defence, Richard? Defence for what?"

"Why—for me, sir!"

"And, my son, in that last great

trial of all will you also prepare a defence?"

The prisoner trembled, his face paled and took on a troubled look, but by an effort he pulled himself together again.

"Oh, what difference does it make!" he cried bitterly. "What good have I got with all my prayers? You told me to trust and trust, and I did trust and trust, and here I am to-day! Why should I not go my own way now?—why not! why not!" and he buried his face in his hands.

The old Chaplain laid his hand gently upon the bowed head.

"Oh! my son! my son! The one you trusted in is the one who has ruined and is ruining its thousands, for you trusted in self—self—self, and you did go your own way."

The man, now thoroughly broken down, sobbed aloud.

The Chaplain well knew when enough had been said, and kneeling down offered up a simple prayer, then pronouncing a benediction he noiselessly withdrew from the cell.

It was an hour afterwards when Richard Copestalk raised his head. He was alone. Looking round, he observed a small open testament with its pages turned down upon the table. He took it up and found the corner of the leaf folded against these words: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

With a cry of rage he dashed the book against the wall in the farthest corner of his cell, then leaning against the bars of his window gazed out upon the free and open world.

For hours he remained in the same position; after a while the stars came out, and the moon reflected a silvery light across the broad St. Lawrence.

Richard Copestalk turned at last, and guiding himself slowly to where the book lay stooped and picked it up, reverently wiped the dust away from the cover and pages, and smoothed out the leaves which had crushed against the wall. He opened at the turned down page, and by the light of the moon read again: "If we say that

we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Placing the book in his bosom he laid down and slept.

IV.

The court-room was crowded and presented a busy scene; the lawyers bustling about in long black gowns, messengers hurrying here and there, rows of witnesses waiting to be called, and even the judge looking more concerned than usual. All was silence and expectation as the cry rang out, "The Queen versus Richard Copestalk."

Immediately all eyes were turned upon the prisoner, who was now led forward and placed in the dock.

"The jurors for our Lady the Queen present that you Richard Copestalk did engrave or make upon a metal plate a design, purporting to be, or apparently intended to resemble, a bank note, to wit:—a note of the Dominion of Canada of the denomination of one dollar. What say you, guilty or not guilty?"

During the recital of this charge the prisoner gazed about the room to see if he might recognize one friendly face. Would she be there? he asked himself. He did not wish that she would and yet he had hoped that he was not deserted.

His eyes came back as he heard the last peremptory words, and straightening himself up he exclaimed, "Guilty!"

A startled audience—startled lawyers—startled judge. All stared at the prisoner as if he had departed his reason.

"Your Honor," cried counsel, "it must be evident that the prisoner does not understand his position. I beg permission to enter a plea of 'not guilty' in order that he may have a fair and impartial trial.

"Prisoner," demanded the judge, "have you anything to say upon the words of your counsel and do you abide by your plea?"

"Your Honor, I thank my counsel for their painstaking efforts and I am

sorry to disappoint them, but I again answer, I am guilty!"

The great trial was over and it only remained to proceed with the sentence of the prisoner.

The judge as usual addressed the man in words of stern rebuke, pointing out to him the enormity of his crime; yet he praised him that he had been able to read his duty clearly and honestly plead guilty to a just charge. For that reason the sentence should be lighter than it might otherwise have been, and "the sentence of this court is, that you Richard Copestalk be committed to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary for a term of twelve years."

V.

Upon the day following the trial a heavy vehicle drove up to the entrance of the prison at St. Vincent, the great gate swung slowly open and Richard Copestalk stood once more upon the threshold.

It was hard to know that all his friends had deserted him, not one had come forward to say a kindly word; but it was bitterness indeed to think that she whom he had loved would care for him now no longer; yet he knew it was just and he made no complaint.

One step more and the gates would close upon him. He turned for one last look upon the world beyond, and in that instant his eyes fell upon the figure of a woman standing a few yards distant, her pale, pleading face raised to his.

The prisoner paused—held out his hands and the woman was in his arms.

"Richard—dear husband!" she murmured, "remember me, think of me—I will be true to you—I will always love you!"

There was one long passionate kiss—the gates swung slowly together and bolted with a clank, but Richard Copestalk knew that she who was left without alone would to him, unworthy though he was, always remain "Faithful."

E. Dowesley.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

NEVER was there such literary activity in Canada as at the present time. Never were there so many newspapers being distributed among the people; never were there so many new volumes of native poetry and native fiction as are now being offered to the readers in this country; and never was there such an interest taken in the romantic and unromantic events in the history of this fair nation. Our newspapers, with some notable exceptions, are superior to all predecessors, and to most foreign contemporaries; our poets rank among those of the first rank on this continent, and are even now attracting much attention in the Motherland; our writers of fiction, such as Gilbert Parker, Grant Allen, Miss L. Dougall, J. Macdonald Oxley, E. W. Thompson, and Clifford Smith, are in or close to the front rank of English-writing novelists; our historians never were more active, and never met with an equal sympathy and a similar encouragement. Old Canadian books of any merit have doubled or trebled in value in five years; new Canadian books, of a substantial kind, have a readier sale than in years gone by. There is movement and progress all along the literary line.

An evidence of this is to be found in our "Books and Authors" department in this issue, to which some of the most scholarly men in Canada contribute.

But in spite of all this we are, com-

paratively speaking, an ignorant people. We have a broad system of free education which teaches our children reading, writing and arithmetic, with a few furbelows added according to the fancy of the educational cranks in each province. True, this system needs improvement; but what does not? We have a High School system which has done good work, although at present its attitude is an improper one. We have numerous colleges, although we have no genuine university. Yet in spite of all these, in spite of cheap literature and free reading-rooms, we are lacking in the breadth of knowledge which evidences culture and refinement—we are still grossly and culpably ignorant. Our educational system has been enlarging the ranks of the professional classes, but is not giving us scholars such as they have in England, in France and in Germany. Our statesmen are as ignorant pigmies when compared with those of the leading European countries; they are men who are selling their lives, their opportunities and their ambitions for the momentary and fleeting glories of wealth and public applause, rather than for a permanent niche in the historical edifice now being reared by the Canadian people. Our clericals, Roman Catholic and Protestants, are doctrine-moulding and pot-hunting instead of devoting their whole attention to deepening the religious and intellectual lives of their flocks. We have no

national art, no national art galleries ; we have no national opera or drama, no national opera house ; we have no national society of scientists and scholars worthy of the name, because we have no scientists and no scholars.

And yet we might have all these things. We are nearer having them than ever before. If those who have the influence, the power and the opportunity will but use them, and use them *now*, Canada may during the next few years make such progress as will startle the world and herself. As are the individuals, so is the people ; as is the people, so is the nation ; therefore individual responsibility never was greater.



THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

Our remarks of last month on the effects of High School system in Ontario, have drawn forth considerable protest. One correspondent writes : "I deny that we, as High School teachers, coax boys from the farm into the profession, and I say it is a slander to charge us with teaching that manual labour is unworthy." We see no reason, however, to retract what we have said, simply explaining that we do not accuse these men and women of doing this directly, but of doing it indirectly. Perhaps the greatest cause of it, however, is the profuse distribution of teachers' certificates which the present Minister of Education has inaugurated.

On this point, a High School principal writes to *The Weekly Sun* (Toronto, Jan., 14th) as follows :

"The school of which I am the principal is neither one of the largest nor of the smallest. There is nothing peculiar about its situation. It is more than probable that a similar statement could be made of almost every county High School in Ontario. I have gone carefully over my registers for the last six years. I find that during that period we have had 108 boys from the farm attending this High School. Of this number only ten have gone back

to the farm. Of this small number six were in school only a few months and never passed any promotion examination, while of the other four not less than three went back because they failed to pass departmental examinations for teachers. What became of the remainder? About 25 found their way either into the University or into one of the learned professions. About 50 became teachers—some in Ontario, others in Manitoba and the United States. The remainder have become druggists, bookkeepers, clerks, etc. I am sorry that I can't give the exact number that have gone to the United States, as I have no record to help me, but I have tried to recall the names of those who have gone to swell the exodus to that country, and I believe that I am within the mark when I say that not fewer than twenty have gone. My experience is that a farmer's son who attends a High School for one year can very seldom be induced to return to the farm."



BELLA COOLA COLONY.

The most northerly agricultural settlement on the Pacific Coast is Bella Coola Colony, which consists of about 200 persons. The founders were Norwegians, and have a unique Constitution and By-Laws, which are here given in full :—

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

1. The name of this association shall be : *Bella Coola Colony, British Columbia.*
 2. The purpose of this Colony shall be to induce moral, industrious and loyal Norwegian farmers, mechanics and business men to come to Bella Coola and make their homes there under the laws of British Columbia.
 3. To take charge of the colonization, the colonists elect one President, one Vice-President, one Secretary, and two other members, who shall constitute the managing committee of the Colony.
- The President and Secretary shall also constitute the negotiating commit-

tee between the Govern-
ment and the Colony.

4. To become a member of this Colony a petition must be made to the managing committee, and with which must be furnished satisfactory evidence of good moral character, working ability, and possession of necessary means to cover travelling expenses and provisions for one year. The petitioners have also to submit themselves to the rules and regulations of the Colony by signing the same.

5. Every member of this Colony must abstain from import, manufacture, export, or in any other way whatever, the use of intoxicating drinks, excepting for sacramental, medical, mechanical, and chemical uses.

6. Transgression of these rules, when proved before the managing committee of the Colony, shall be punished by banishment from the territory of the Colony, and the colonist's real estate, if any, shall be forfeited to the Government.

These rules adopted and approved September 11th, 1894.

BY-LAWS.

1. All officers of this Colony shall be elected by a majority of the legal voters, and hold their offices for one year until their successors are elected and qualified.

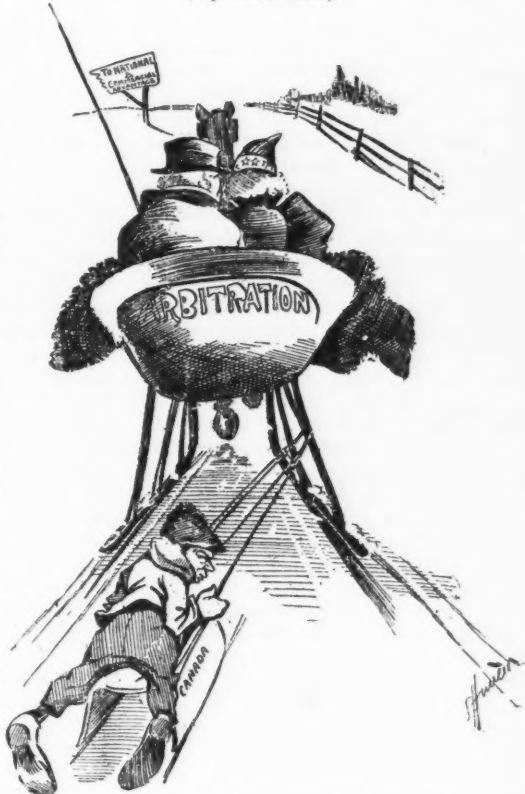
2. The duties of the officers of this Colony shall be the same as the duties of the officers of other similar organizations.

3. An annual meeting of the Colony shall be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in the month of June every year.

4. At such annual meeting there shall be entitled to vote every member of the Colony who as such is the holder

WHAT WE HOPE TO SEE.

(By S. Hunter.)



Young Cannuck (catching on behind Mr. Bull and Miss Columbia): Here's hoping they may go on forever and never fall out.

of and the person mentioned in a free agreement from the Minister of Immigration for the Province of British Columbia.

5. These by-laws may only be altered or amended at the annual meeting, and the by-laws and any alterations shall be submitted to and approved by the Minister of Immigration before coming into force.

DEMOCRACY AND BOSSISM.

Two articles in this issue are devoted to the study of politics and democracy

in the Republic to the South. Each article is by a Canadian residing in the United States, and both have been written especially for this publication.

On this point, the following quotations from an article in *Harper's Weekly*, entitled "Two Boss-Ruled States," is decidedly frank:

"Each of the two most populous and wealthy States in the Union is dominated by a political boss. They are not new States. They are as old as the government. In their day they have been conspicuous in patriotic uprisings. They are now not only inhabited by prosperous and intelligent people, but they are centres of education and refinement. In each State are great cities, whose society is adorned by men of learning on the bench and at the bar, in medicine and in the pulpit, and by honourable and distinguished men of business. One of these cities is the metropolis of the county. And both New York and Philadelphia boast of universities which rank among the first in the Union.

"A picture of these two democracies might be truthfully set forth which would induce the stranger to believe that here, if anywhere, the ideals of popular government have been realized. But in reality there is nothing baser or more revolting in modern life than the political conditions of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. The government of the State of New York is controlled by Thomas C. Platt, and that of the State of Pennsylvania by Matthew S. Quay, as completely as if they were mediæval despotisms, ruled by absolute and irresponsible monarchs. So far as Mr. Platt is concerned, he is as yet under no obligation to render an account of his stewardship. In law he is merely a private citizen; in fact, he is the ruler of New York. With Mr. Quay it is somewhat different. He is a United States Senator, and must therefore present himself from time to time for re-election. Perhaps this explains the fact that some opposition to his rule has been manifested in the Pennsylvania Legislature. Despite this opposition at Harrisburg,

however, which is ineffective, the laws of these two great States are those which Mr. Platt and Senator Quay dictate. The officers of the States, from the Governors down, are the men whom these two "bosses" appoint. The United States Senators are those whom the Legislature elect at the dictation of the real rulers of the State.

"In these two States the form of popular government is preserved, but the substance is lost. The people do not govern themselves. They do not make their own laws through their representatives. They have no representatives except in name. They are governed by machines, which, in their turn, are controlled by two men of evil character and reputation. In all the history of popular government nothing so utterly abominable and disheartening has been known. Tammany is vile, but its power and influence are limited. Here we have Tammany methods and corruptions spread over these two great, intelligent and wealthy States."



UNITED STATES MONETARY CONVENTION.

The National Monetary Convention, composed almost entirely of members of Boards of Trade throughout the country, was in session in Indianapolis on Jan. 12 and 13. The convention, says *Public Opinion*, adopted the following resolutions with but two or three negative votes:

"This conference declares that it has become absolutely necessary that a consistent, straightforward, and deliberately-planned monetary system shall be inaugurated, the fundamental basis of which should be: First. That the present gold standard should be maintained. Second. That steps should be taken to insure the ultimate retirement of all classes of United States notes by a gradual and steady process, so as to avoid injurious contraction of the currency or disturbance of the business interests of the country, and that in such retirement provision should be made for a separation of the revenue and note

issue departments of the treasury. Third. That a banking system be provided which should furnish credit facilities to every portion of the country, and a safe and elastic circulation, and specially with a view to securing such a distribution of the loanable capital of the country, as will tend to equalize the rates of interest in all parts thereof."

For the purpose of "effectively promoting" the above objects, a resolution was passed, providing "That fifteen members of this conference be appointed by the chairman to act as an executive committee while this convention is not in session, with full power of this convention." The province of this executive committee is to "endeavor to procure at the special session of Congress, which, it is understood, will be called in March next, legislation calling for the appointment of a monetary commission by the President, to consider the entire question, and to report to Congress at the earliest day possible; failing to secure the above legislation, they are hereby authorized and empowered to select a commission of eleven members." The object of the commission of eleven is "to make a thorough investigation of the monetary affairs and needs of this country, and all relations and aspects, and to make appropriate suggestions as to any evils found to exist and the remedies therefor, and no limit is placed upon the scope of such inquiry."

THE NEWSPAPERS AND SOME WOMEN.

The publicity of the court-room and the freedom of the press—two advantages which the modern world of men and women value very highly—have during the past month revealed two ignoble women to the world, and to what benefit? Column after column of the daily press, the engine of a progressive civilization, has been devoted to Lady Scott and the Princess de Chimay, two women whom to know is to despise. Would it not be better to hide society's sores as you would the

physical cancers and tumors and abscesses of the individual? Must we, while benefiting by liberty, be condemned to suffer by the excesses of those who worship at her shrine?

Will the retailing of the ferocious, tigress-like hatred and vengeance-seeking of Lady Scott help to advance the dawn of the millennium? Can detailed accounts of the sad misdoings of a young, wealthy and beautiful woman like the Princess de Chimay, who has deserted her titled husband for many men, the latest a gipsy musician, help to promote right-living and nobility of thought and character? Surely if the Apostle Matthew had lived to-day he would have said that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a newspaper man to help the world to righteousness. The vilest and most brutal pictures of human life are placed side by side by the noblest thoughts and actions of a noble age.

And what of these women? Must we agree with Byron, that

" . . . their revenge is as the tiger's
spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing . . . "

Or with Congreve, that

" Heaven has no rage like love to hatred
turn'd,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

Or with Byron when he said :

" Men, some to business, some to pleasure
take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake."

Or with Shakespeare's estimate of their reasonableness when he remarked :

" I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so, because I think him so."

In France, when a divorce case comes up in the courts, the newspapers are allowed to simply mention the names of the persons in the divorce court and the fact that they have been divorced. It seems to us that such a restriction on American newspapers, and even on British newspapers, would enable us to keep brighter our faith in the virtue and faithfulness of that sex to which the world owes so much of its nobility and righteousness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS



ORIGIN AND RESULTS OF THE QUEBEC ACT OF 1774.*

MR. VICTOR COFFIN, a professor of history in the University of Wisconsin, is one of those clever young men from the Maritime Provinces of Canada who have been educated in the United States and found a profitable and congenial employment in the intellectual atmosphere of the well-endowed universities of that country. The contribution which he has recently made to English-American colonial history will be read with interest by all students of that important epoch which covers the Quebec Act and the American War of Independence, although there may not be very many quite ready to accept his conclusions as just and sound in all cases. No one will say, after carefully reading this book, that Mr. Coffin is wanting in that critical faculty which is necessary to the modern historian, but at the same time some may venture to think that his criticism generally runs in a too narrow groove and partakes, in fact, rather of the style of the special pleader than of the historian who has a keen insight into the motives of statesmen and is capable of appreciating the conditions of the times of which he writes. Mr. Coffin, however, has the merit of being original; for he differs on all essential points from other writers of note on the same subject who have preceded him. It is to be regretted that the space at my command does not permit me to follow at some length his arguments which, too frequently, appear to me sophistical in the extreme. He has been, apparently, prejudiced by the scholarly Goldwin Smith, than whom there is no more unsafe guide when it is a question of Canadian development, of a Canadian future, or of French-Canadian conditions.

Mr. Coffin's conditions may be briefly summed up as follows:

That the provisions of the Quebec Act were neither occasioned nor appreciably affected by conditions in other colonies;

That, far from being effectual in keeping the mass of Canadians loyal to the British connection, the measure had a strong influence in precisely the opposite direction;

That the Act cannot be regarded as a *chef d'œuvre* of political wisdom and humanity, but is really one of the most unwise and disastrous measures in colonial history;

That the Act was founded on the misconceptions and false information of the Provincial officials; that, though it secured the loyal support of the clergy and *noblesse*, it was unpopular among the great mass of the *habitans*, and helped to make them disloyal throughout the American Revolution;

That the *noblesse* and clergy were found to have no influence at the crisis;

*The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution. A Study in English-American Colonial History. By Victor Coffin, Ph.D., Madison, Wis. Published by the University, June, 1896.

That the Act "has been fatal to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada,"—and note this sweeping assertion, "through the continued and magnified existence there of an *alien* and *hostile* nationality, rooted in and bound up with an *alien* and *hostile* ecclesiastical domination." It is needless to say that there is a foot-note here to show that these conclusions are suggested by the writings of Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose active pen has been devoted for years to breaking up this confederation and to bringing about a transcontinental union, and who has never yet been able to sympathise in the least degree with the national sentiment, which is assuredly on the increase among the two nationalities that are now labouring to place the Dominion on a secure foundation.

With this statement of the prejudices and influences that appear to sway the mind of Mr. Coffin throughout his carefully-written volume, it might not be necessary to object at length to conclusions which would be already condemned in the opinion of patriotic and fair-minded Canadians who have some accurate knowledge of the history of their country, and are not biased against one or other of the two nationalities that make up the great bulk of our population. It is unfortunate, certainly, that Murray, Carleton, Haldimand, and other Canadian statesmen, who were thoroughly conversant with the Canada of the Quebec Act, that such French-Canadian historians as Garneau and Lareau, and also the leading people of French Canada, who have thoroughly studied their past and been brought up to comprehend the tradition and sentiments of their forefathers of last century; it is remarkable, assuredly, that all these persons should have been under so many delusions with respect to the measure in question until a clever young professor, in the serene retirement of an American University, proved—to his own satisfaction, at all events—their ignorance and credulity. As a matter of fact, no more sweeping assertions, no finely-spun or ingeniously-constructed argument, can conceal the truth that the Act was in its origin one of justice to the French-Canadian people; in the words of the Speech from the Throne at the time, it was "founded on the plainest principles of justice and humanity," and was, in its effect, the saving of the province to England. Even Dr. Kingsford, who has no sentimental attachment assuredly to French Canada, virtually admits its necessity and wisdom under existing conditions. It is true it had no immediate effect on the sentiment of the mass of *habitans*—an illiterate and credulous people—who never saw and could not read a newspaper, the latter a rarity in those days, and were quite ignorant of the meaning and intention of the measure. The danger of the country at that time lay in those English-speaking sympathizers and allies of the American revolutionists who misrepresented the Act among the French, and did all they could to excite them to aid the invaders. All that the *habitans* wanted was peace, to be left alone, and when they were told they were again to be called to military service, as in the days of the French régime when they suffered so much, they became discontented and sullen. When the invaders came they were willing to make all they could out of them, but when they saw they could get only paper money they refused to sell provisions except on compulsion. In fact, the *habitans*, as a mass, were indifferent to the conflict between the English Government and the old colonies, and were misled as to the Quebec Act, if ever they thought of it at all. It is to the clergy—then largely native born—and the leading *seigneurs* of French Canada, that Canada owed her safety. Mr. Coffin underrates their influence in every possible way, and even undertakes to eulogise those English residents of Quebec and Montreal many of whom, in their hatred of an Act intended to do justice to French Canada, were ready to sell the country to the American rebels. If the Quebec Act had not been passed, neither clergy nor *noblesse* would have been on the side of England at this critical juncture, and Carleton could never have held Quebec, where a number of French loyally

stood by him against Arnold and Montgomery. Mr. Coffin, however, one hundred and twenty years later than those perilous days, serenely suggests the anglicizing of French Canada in 1774, and stimulating discontent and revolt, instead of giving the people a guarantee of justice and security to those institutions which were then, as now, near and dear to them. He would have treated 80,000 or 90,000 people as aliens dangerous to the public welfare, and probably suggested another expatriation like that of the unhappy Acadians. No one can doubt the spirit of justice that prompted the English Government in passing the Quebec Act, though one may question the wisdom of the Constitutional Act of 1791, which "hived" the French-Canadians in one province and the English in another, instead of creating one large province where the two races would eventually be equalised and where opportunities of assimilating customs and understanding each other would have been greater than under the plan that was actually followed. But all this is idle speculation now. We have to deal with facts as they are, and we see that Canada was saved to England when the old Thirteen Colonies became independent. It is on the principles of justice illustrated in the Quebec Act that French and English Canadians have been able to co-operate as members of a growing nation. Our political history shows that Lafontaine, Morin, Cartier, Dorion and Chapleau were as ready in the past as Mr. Laurier in the present to unite with the statesmen of English Canada and build up a great Dominion to the north of the ambitious federal republic on the principles of compromise, conciliation and justice to all creeds and races; and when a writer talks of a "continued and magnified existence of an alien and hostile nationality rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination," he shows himself animated like his able master by an inveterate prejudice against a people who had the first claims to Canadian soil, and who, whatever their national weakness, have been at least true to Canada and are entitled to every just consideration as co-partners with the English in the working of the destiny of the Confederation.

Jno. Geo. Bourinot.

OLD REGIME IN CANADA.*

ANY work that is calculated to throw additional light on the history of our country, or to familiarize existing knowledge, is worthy of consideration. Mr. Weir's work, "The Administration of the Old Regime in Canada," is founded mainly upon a study of the "Edits et Ordonnances" of the French kings which were in force in Canada; and in his review of these legal productions, and of associated circumstances, he has presented a commentary on the Administration of the period, of particular interest to the ordinary reader.

The limits to which Mr. Weir has confined himself would appear to have prevented him from doing ample justice to his subject. For instance, in the opening chapter, a sub-division of which is devoted to the consideration of European institutions in America, the author states that "The growth of social and political institutions in America must always possess great fascination for the student of human affairs; for there it is possible to trace the effect of the transplanting of European forms of government and administration, with such modifications as have been adopted of choice or necessity." And again, "It is easy to trace in the constitutions of the United States the conceptions of kingly power and the relations of parliament thereto, that were prevalent during the reign of George the Third." Now, although we assume this statement to be correct, it would be much more valuable if it were supported even by a simple illustration.

In the first division of the book there are some instructive passages on the rights and privileges of French Canadians, and on the distinction of the term "Administrative Law in England and in France."

* "The Administration of the Old Regime in Canada," by R. Stanley Weir, B.C.L., Montreal.

On page 7 we find a statement which, in the light of a subsequent chapter, would seem contradictory. Mr. Weir refers to the political condition of France as "unmodified by any strong indications towards popular freedom;" power was centralized in the hands of the king, "despot succeeding despot, until the final catastrophe of the revolution was reached." In England, on the other hand, "the dominant tendency towards popular freedom was never long repressed, but asserted itself among nobles and people alike with unswerving persistence." On page 89 the author reverts to this idea and says that the tyranny in France "had burned itself into the heart of the peasantry and proletariat, whose murmurings were soon to be heard."

These descriptions of the conditions prevailing in France picture an extreme situation, and it is consequently surprising to find, on page 91, that the political condition of the French people compared favourably with that of the other peoples of Europe, saving only the English. "In France public opinion was far more potent, and law was vastly more influential than in Germany or Spain or Italy."

After giving a summary of the Edicts and Ordinances published by order of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, in 1854, Mr. Weir terminates his first chapter in these words, which we quote as an example of his literary style:

"As one turns their musty pages, the curtains that veil the past are drawn aside. We see the daring and trepid pioneers who wooed the West to win the East; the dark-robed missionaries who carried the Cross as a torch, amid a people who sat in darkness; the busy traders, by fishing banks and beaver brooks, and in the forests where the moose and martin and sable were found. We see the heroic figures of Champlain and La Salle, of Lallement and Brebeuf and many another, exploring mighty waters and pathless forests, and wonder at the courage and faith that sustained them through fearful nights and days of terror, toil, and danger. We still see Count Frontenac as he stands upon the citadel at Quebec and defies the armaments of Boston; de Maisonneuve, as he proves his courage upon Place d'Armes, and the busy intendants as they carefully pen their ordinances, or wrangle with the governors about questions of precedence, or write complainingly to the minister at Paris. Here, too, flit before us the forms of the seigneur, the *coureur de bois*, the captain of militia, the Jesuit, the Sulpician, the Sister of Mercy, the Iroquois, and the habitant; while over all floats the *fleur-de-lis* of France—symbol of the power that would fain know and control all that happened at this distance of a thousand leagues!"

The second chapter is devoted principally to an Historical division of the Old Regime and to the consideration of some of the great trading companies of Canada. Here we meet with the familiar characters of Jacques Cartier, Roberval, de la Roche, Champlain and others, and are brought face to face with the evils under which the new colony struggled, but which legislation was powerless to check.

In the third chapter Mr. Weir has rendered a service to the student by giving a careful analysis of the charter of the Hundred Associates, and by furnishing a translation of its preamble. The charter of the company is an exceedingly valuable document, and difficult of access to the ordinary reader, which renders this chapter specially interesting. By a typographical error this ancient deed is considerably modernized, 1867 being the date given in the book. The administration of this unfortunate enterprise, the final abandonment of the charter, and the establishment of the Sovereign Council, are treated of in this division.

Amongst other instructive matters in the fourth division, Mr. Weir deals with trade restrictions and monopolies, particularly with the regulations regarding beaver skins, and in conclusion remarks that:

"Out of the beaver trade a *great evil* arose. The young, active and hardy settlers betook themselves to the woods, beyond the reach of governors and intendants and councils. Beneath the brilliant skies and among the leafy shades of the primeval woods, the *coureurs de bois* felt that sense of freedom which was denied them in the settlements. In vain were all the resources of administrative authority exercised against them; in vain did threats of capital punishment even alternate with *amnesties of pardon*. The fur trade was profitable, and the organized life of the colony was intolerable; the *coureurs de bois* accordingly roamed the forests, and the towns remained weak in men."

This may be true, but sometimes "out of evil good may come." To the *coureurs de bois* Canada owes a lasting debt.

Chapter V. is specially instructive, and throws new light on the true functions of the Intendant. Here we meet with the founder of La Friponne, "who stands pilloried in the annals of his time as a thief."

The administration of justice, the various sources of authority, the Seigneurial System and Criminal Law are carefully considered in Chapter VI. From a glance at the judgments of the criminal courts in those palmy days, we are inclined to think that the dispensers of justice must have devoted considerable of their leisure to the invention of pleasing and instructive instruments of torture. A novelty in this direction, which would serve for the purpose of punishment, and provide for the free advertisement of the symbol of France, is to be found in the following :

"On the 4th February, 1671, the Council issued a curious decree. One Paul Dupuy had said that there was nothing like looking to one's self, and that when the English cut off the head of Charles I. they did a good thing ; with other remarks to the same effect. This was condemned as sedition. He was condemned to be led in his shirt, torch in hand, to the chateau of St. Louis, there to beg pardon of the King ; thence to the pillory of the Lower Town to be branded with a *fleur-de-lis* on the cheek, and kept in the stocks for half-an-hour ; then to be led back to prison till the information against him was completed !"

"Lingua, sile ; non est ultra narrabile quiequam." Alas ! for poor Paul too many words had already been spoken.

Perhaps the cries of this unfortunate individual are sufficient excuse for the three exclamations with which Mr. Weir brings this chapter to a close :

"What fearful shrieks of pain echo to us down the long years !

"What ghastly visions of blood and horror sweep before us !

"What cruel bondage, what unavailing prayers, what awful agony !"

The seventh chapter is an important one, and is devoted to the consideration of such details of the Administration as the author considers of special interest to the student of to-day.

In the eighth and concluding chapter, Greek and Roman colonization is contrasted with that of France in Canada in a clear and able manner.

In conclusion Mr. Weir tells us that all the political problems of an advancing civilization have not been solved ; that the inheritors of freedom are the best equipped to solve them—the inheritors of "that freedom oft in peril, but never lost sight of, which can be traced through many memorable events, in many years of human story, even to the dim borderlands of authentic history."

Arthur G. Doughty.

A NEW CANADIAN POET.*

A FIRST volume of poetry rarely satisfies the reader. He turns to it to see whether he has discovered his promised poet, and with the disappointment his interest dies. He finds the old themes treated in the familiar way of which he is weary, and little ground for hope that the second volume will differ from the first. But Mr. Francis Sherman's first volume interests us more from what it promises than from what it is. We have in it the usual poet's exercises, which interest us in the cleverness of their technique much as the Latin and Greek verses which a clever student can string together. But "*Matins*" contains some work which suggests that Mr. Sherman's second volume will not disappoint us. In a sense, it is a record of experiments in metrical form and in poetical manner. With the exception of the few sonnets it contains, there are no two poems in the same metre ; and the manner changes from the mediæval to the modern. It is probably not a matter of chance that the poem which gives its name to the

* *Matins* : Francis Sherman. Boston : Copeland and Day.

volume is the strongest and most distinctive piece of work it contains, but the deliberate consequence of a knowledge as to where his strength lies.

The beautiful little volume as a whole might be called "the ballad of the training of a poet." It contains a record (for those who can read) of Mr. Sherman's ideals. We can trace the influence of his masters, and mark where he begins to outgrow their influence. Naturally there is a great deal which is no very distant echo of what others have said. Morris and Rossetti have been his models, and it is well for his future that they have been. A man who begins by taking Morris and Rossetti as his masters may himself rise to mastery; but the man who begins by adopting the fashions of current poetasters may end—in the gutter. The models whom Mr. Sherman has taken have saved him (if he needed salvation) from the maudlin indecency of much of the minor verse of to-day. He has been given a clean start, and that in itself is a matter of great importance. We can discern, however, that the influence of his masters has already ceased to diminish him. Part of his work, and to my mind the strongest and most real parts of his work, shows scant traces of their influence, save in the simplicity and sincerity of the language and the strength of the metrical movement.

It is, perhaps, regrettable for the sake of the reception of his book that he has included so much of that which was written before an open Kelmscott, and under the picture of the Blessed Damozel. Poems like "The Window of Dreams" and "The Relief of Wet Willows" leave on the mind an impression as of tapestry, which lingers and is not dispelled when we turn to the more actual parts of his work. Throughout the whole volume there seems lack of reality and full-bloodedness; yet Mr. Sherman is at his best when he adheres to his models least closely. It is with difficulty that he shakes off his literary enthusiasm and gives scope to his natural power; but when he does so, the effect is worth repeating. In the long poem to "The Rain," where he writes with an enthusiasm which releases him from the abiding sense of the necessity of metrical correctness, his power appears:

" Did not thy hearing strain
To catch the moaning of the wind-swept sea,
Where great tides be,
And swift, white rain?
Did not its far exulting teach thy soul
That of all things the sea alone is free
And under no control?
Its liberty,—
Was it not most desired by the soul?

" I say
The earth is alway glad, yea, and the sea
Is glad alway
When the rain cometh; either tranquilly,
As at the first dawn of a summer day,
Or in late autumn wildly passionate,
Or when all things are all disconsolate
Because that winter has been long their
king."

When Mr. Sherman has learned more clearly that there is more—and less—in life and love than his models seem to know, he will give more like this.

One wise thing he has learned from his models—to avoid the facile poetry of strained and exaggerated epithet. He seldom strains after effect unless it be the effect of simplicity, and there are consequently no instances of that violent obscurity of language by means of which most minor poets strive to persuade us of their originality. His language is so *simplex munditiis*, that is, almost Wordsworthian, but it is always dignified. Take, for instance, these verses from "The Builder":

" Here, moreover, thou shalt find
Strange, delightful, far-brought things:
Dulcimers, whose tightened strings,
Once, dead women loved to touch,
(Deeming they could mimic much
Of the music of the wind!)

" Heavy candlesticks of brass;
Chess-men carved of ivory;
Mass books written perfectly
By some patient monk of old;
Flacons wrought of thick, red gold,
Set with gems and coloured glass."

That his words are sometimes archaic we owe to the influence of William Morris; that his language should always be simple and restrained is his own merit.

His power and his sincerity, the simplicity and the beauty of his verse, are best shown by quoting a few stanzas from a tender and strong poem where he tells of the availing sorrow of a mother for her lost child :

" . . . the things I had
Were only withered flowers,
Because there came not with the Spring,
As in the ancient days,
The sound of his feet pattering
Along Spring's open ways ;
And now these unused toys and I

" Have little dread or care
For any season that drifts by
The silences we share ;
And sometimes, when we think to pray
Across the vacant years,
We see God watching him at play
And pitying our tears."

These strong and human verses make us forget the pageantry of grief which Mr. Sherman likes to display. A young man is often sad from wantonness, as Prince Arthur says of the young gentleman of France ; and Mr. Sherman seems to live in an atmosphere of gloom and the comforts of a spectacular religion. Here again we detect the influence of his masters, who, in the endeavour to re-construct a dead past, could not but people it with dead or dying knights and ladies ; but his own note is different. He lives in the " brave " world, and at times he lets us know it. He sings of the spring and the running out of the ice, and rejoices in the glories of the summer in a manner which makes one almost forget the deserted ladies and the stricken knights.

" O season of the strong triumphant sun,
Bringer of exultation unto all,
Behold thy work ere yet thy day be run
Over by growing grain !
How the winds rise and cease,
Behold these meadows where thick gold
lies spun—

" There, last night, surely thy long hair must
have lain !
Where trees are tall
Hear where young birds hold their high
festival ;
And see where shallow waters know thy
peace."

John Davidson.

THE ANNALS OF NIAGARA.

ABOUT 1650 there disappeared from the face of the earth a tribe of Indians, the Neutrals, who have left to civilization but one word of their language. Onghiara, their chief town, was situated on the west side of the Niagara River, where it pours its waters into Lake Ontario, and gave its name to the town of Niagara, which has played so important a part in our history. After the destruction of the Neutrals, the Mississauguas from the North-West claimed and took the land, and an old fort still perpetuates their tribal name. In 1678, La Salle arrived at Onghiara and built a stockade and trading-post. In the spring of 1679, having had a boat built on the bank of the river just above Goat Island, he bestowed upon himself the honour of being the first white man to navigate Lake Erie. In 1685 the Marquis de Denonville visited Niagara and ordered the fort to be rebuilt of stone. Governor Vandreuil built the castle and blockhouse in 1726, and Colonel Pouchot further improved it in 1758. The following year it surrendered to Sir William Johnson, and has ever since been British. During the eighty years of French rule Niagara was held strictly as a garrison and trading-post, and no agricultural settlement grew up around it.

All this and much more is to be found in the first six chapters of William Kirby's "Annals of Niagara,"* a valuable addition to our written history. The author then goes on to give the annals of this historic place under British rule, and a most charming story it is.

The author's work is marred by two faults. In the first place, there are, in a few places, a looseness and a carelessness of style which, to speak mildly, is decidedly objectionable. One or two examples will suffice :

"He was drowned, with his daughter, on his return home after the war, on board the steamer 'North Star,' which foundered at sea,"

*Annals of Niagara, by William Kirby, F.R.C.S., author of "The Golden Dog," "Canadian Idylls," etc. Published by Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison; Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. Paper, 75 cents.

"Artillery was brought up and a heavy fire kept up on the island, which, however, being densely wooded and over a mile away, did not damage the rebels much, and who kept up a fire on the militia, which also was inoperative."

The second fact is the lack of impartiality in judging men whose names and deeds have passed into history. His estimate of Robert Gourlay may be placed side by side with what Dent says of the politician, and the comparison shows that the true estimate of Gourlay has not yet been written:

"Gourlay was an impetuous, half-educated man, fluent of speech and ready in writing; ambitious to push himself into notoriety as a popular leader, with expectation of living on and by the party he had created. His writings and speeches were most abusive and libelous of the best people of the district. His arrogance and self-conceit were unbounded.

"We have had in Canada others like Gourlay, but none with more assurance or less excuse.

"Gourlay carried on the trade of an agitator for two years, making considerable uproar in the district, when his career was suddenly cut short by the action of the magistrates, who had power under one of the early statutes of Canada to stop seditious practices and speeches by the summary banishment of the offenders, a species of ostracism which had lain quiet for some years in the laws of Upper Canada. Gourlay was arrested in 1819 and tried in Niagara before the commissioners, Hon. Wm. Dickson and Hon. Robt. Hamilton. He was, after a noisy trial, convicted of sedition and sentenced to banishment from the province for a period of twenty years. This sentence was at once carried out. Gourlay was taken from the courthouse by a bailiff and constables, conducted to the ferry and sent over the river to the United States, as a proper place of transportation for a seditious man of his kind."—Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," pp. 220 and 221.

"After having defended himself through two criminal trials he (Gourlay) had been cast into prison, where he had languished for more than seven months. During his long confinement he had been subjected to a course of treatment which would have been highly culpable if meted out to a convicted criminal, and which was marked by a malignant cruelty hardly to be comprehended when the nature of the offence charged against him is considered."—"The Upper Canada Rebellion," by John Charles Dent, vol. I., p. 15.

"To what, then, was his long and bitter persecution to be attributed? Why had he been deprived of his liberty; thrust into a dark and unwholesome dungeon; refused the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act . . . badgered and tortured to the ruin of his health and his reason? . . . He had displayed a persistent determination to let in the light of day upon the iniquities and rascalities of public officials. He had denounced the system of patronage and favouritism in the disposal of Crown Lands. He had inveighed against some of the human blood-suckers of that day in language which certainly was not gracious or parliamentary, but which, as certainly, was both forcible and true. . . . He had been the one man in Upper Canada possessed of sufficient courage to do and to dare; to lift the thin and flimsy veil which only half concealed the corruption whereby a score of greedy vampires were rapidly enriching themselves at the public cost. He had dared to hold up to general inspection the baneful effects of an irresponsible Executive, and of a dominating clique, whose one hope lay in preserving the existing order of things undisturbed."—*Ibid*, pp. 16 and 17.

"He obtained the opinions of eminent English lawyers as to the legal aspect of the case. The unanimous opinion of counsel was that his imprisonment was wholly unjustifiable."

"The sentence of the court was then pronounced. It was to the effect that the prisoner must quit the Province within twenty-four hours."—*Ibid*, p. 37.

It will be seen from the above comparison that Kirby and Dent view the matter from different sides. That Dent's view is more nearly correct is borne out by the subsequent political events of the province and by that valuable official document, Lord Durham's report. To show the spirit of the times, it may be mentioned that in 1818 an Act was passed by the Upper Canada Legislature prohibiting the holding of conventions to discuss political grievances. And to support Dent's view of Gourlay's action, we find that the Hon. W. H. Merritt, father of the sheriff who had charge of Gourlay during his imprisonment, afterwards espoused Gourlay's cause in the Canadian Assembly.

When we come to details we find a great difference. Kirby says Gourlay was tried before Dickson and Hamilton; Dent says Chief Justice Powell presided, and a jury was empanelled, the names of the twelve being given. Kirby says Gourlay was taken across the border by the sheriff; Dent says he was taken in charge by his friends the Hamiltons, spent the night in their house at Queenston, and next day crossed the border.

Our rulers may sometimes need condonation for their acts, but this will never be secured by mis-statements. Better far would it be to explain the circumstances under which they acted and the spirit of the age in which they lived. Had Mr. Kirby kept this in mind his valuable book would have been more valuable.

John A. Cooper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House has been doing a grand work for Canadian literature and for the Canadian reading public during the past years. Two of their recent books for boys are worthy of especial attention, and both are wholesome tales of life and adventure in the Great North-West. They are "Three Boys in the Wild North Land," by Egerton R. Young, author of "By Canoe and Dog-Train," etc.; and "The Warden of the Plains, and other Stories of Life in the Canadian North-West," by John Maclean, author of "Canadian Savage Folk," etc. Both authors are well known, and both have had special facilities for collecting knowledge concerning the particular life of which they write. The books themselves show considerable advance in Canadian book-making. Each has a specially designed cover of striking appearance, and each is profusely illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Book and magazine illustrating has shown a marked advance in Canada during the past year, and the resultant art-education of the people must have a beneficial reflex on the standard of living which our people maintain.

Another boys' book, exhibiting an even higher standard of illustration, is F. C. T. O'Hara's "Snap Shots from Boy Life," published by William Briggs (M. B. and P. House). The cover is decidedly unique, the initial letters and tail-pieces are the best I have ever seen in a Canadian book, while the arrangement of the page headings is refreshingly new. The author is private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, and, although a Canadian by birth, originally contributed this series of articles to the *Baltimore Herald*. The art work is by Astley Palmer Cooper, one of the cleverest artists on the American press. As to the sentiments in the book, no anxious father or solicitous mother could ask for better, and no boy can read them without having his manhood strengthened.

"Our Strange Guest" is a short story by Wm. McDonell, published in paper covers, and printed by Wilson & Wilson, Lindsay, Ont.

Charles G. D. Roberts' long-expected volume of verse is to hand. It is entitled "The Book of the Native," and is published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, and The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Besides being a dainty volume it is a valuable one, and in my humble opinion shows that Mr. Roberts has much improved in verse writing during the past three years. The poems are more graceful and more musical, while the sentiments contained are loftier and more real. There is less of a mere photographing of natural objects and scenery, and more of a poetical interpretation of these natural phenomena. But the book is important enough to demand more lengthy treatment, and this will be given later.

"Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," by Mary Leslie, is an unpretentious volume for children. The title fully explains the contents, and although the standard of poetry is not high, there is much information for the little ones between the covers. It is published by William Briggs, and is illustrated.

ay
re-
by
as
at

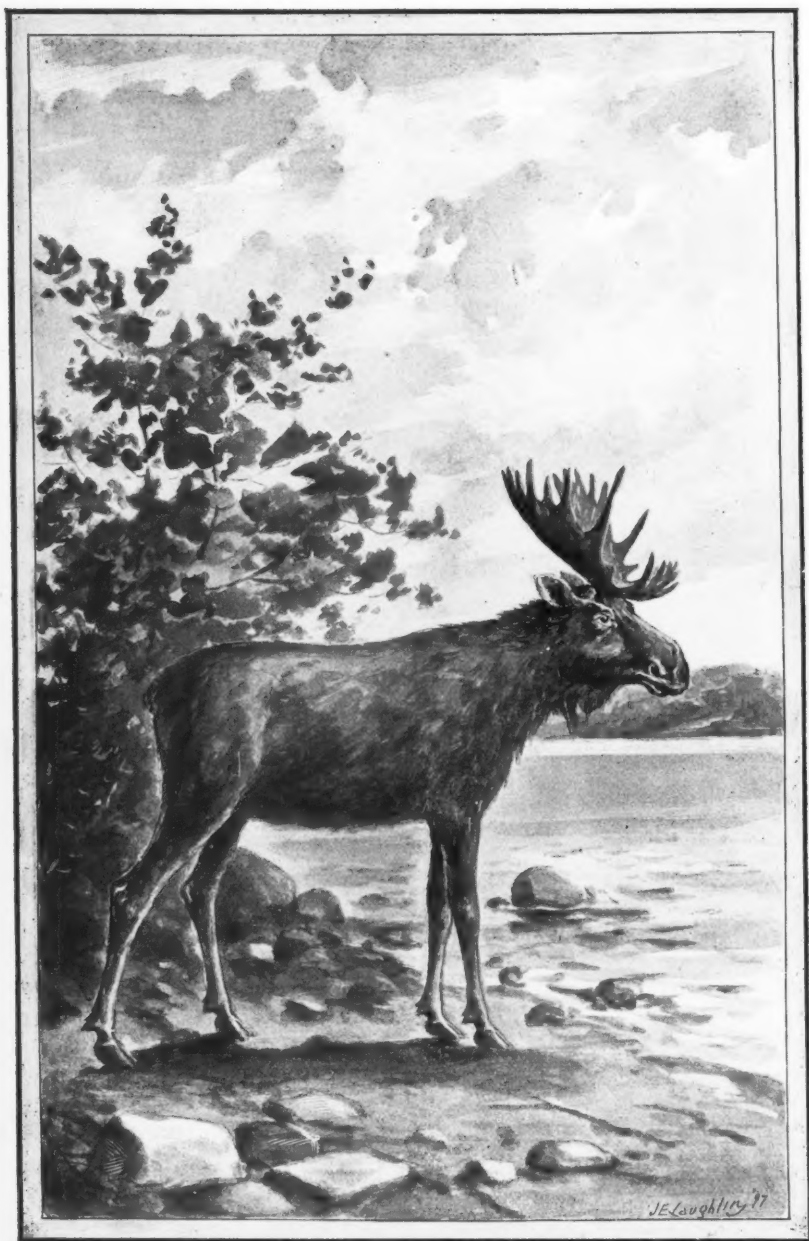
er
m-
d.
re

or
rs.
th
re
By
es
an
ial
ey
k-
ch
as
rt-
ng

F.
M.
il-
of
Sir
ed
ey
he
or

ber

en-
o.,
it
ch
ore
al.
ore
m-
er.
un-
al-
tle
ed.



DRAWN BY J. E. LAUGHLIN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A CANADIAN MOOSE (*Alce Americanus*.)